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EMERSON.

THE genius of America seems hitherto disposed to manifest itself rather in works of reason and reflection than in those displays of poetic fervor which are usually looked for in a nascent literature. And a little consideration would lead us, probably, to expect this. America presents itself upon the scene, enters into the drama of the world, at a time when the minds of men are generally awakened and excited to topics of grave and practical importance. It is not a great poem that mankind now want or look for; they rather demand a great work, or works, on human society, on the momentous problems which our social progress, as well as our social difficulties, alike give rise to. If on a new literature a peculiar mission could be imposed, such would probably be the task assigned to it.

The energetic and ceaseless industry of the people of America, the stern and serious character of the founders of New England, the tendency which democracy must necessarily encourage to reason much and boldly on the interests of the community—would all lead us to the same anticipation; so far as any anticipation can be warranted, regarding the erratic course and capricious development of literary genius.

The first contribution, we believe, our libraries received from America, was the half theological, half metaphysical treatise on the Will by Jonathan Edwards. This follower of Calvin is understood to have stated the gloomy and repulsive doctrines of his master with an unrivalled force of logic. Such is the reputation which *Edwards on the Will* enjoys, and we are contented to speak from reputation. The doctrine of necessity, even when intelligently applied to the circle of human thoughts and passions, is not the most inviting tenet of philosophy. It is quickly learned, and what little fruit it yields is soon gathered. But when combined with the theological dogma, wrung from texts of Scripture, of predestination; when the law of necessity supposed to regulate the temper and affairs of the human being in this little life, is converted into a divine sentence of condemnation to a future and eternal fate—it then becomes one of the most odious and irrational of tenets that ever obscured the reason or clouded the piety of mankind. We confess, therefore, that we are satisfied with re-echoing the traditional reputation of Jonathan Edwards, without earning, by perusal of his work, the right to pronounce upon its justice.

The first contribution, also, which America made to the amount of our knowledge, was of a scientific character, and, moreover, the most anti-poetical imaginable. As such, at least, it must, be described by those who are accustomed to think that

a peculiar mystery attached to one phenomenon of nature more than another, is essentially poetic. Several poets, our Campbell amongst the number, have complained that the laws of optics have disenchanted the rainbow; but the analysis of Newton is poetry itself compared to that instance of the daring and levelling spirit of science which Franklin exhibited, when he proved the lightning to be plain electricity; took the bolts of Jupiter, analyzed them, bottled them in Leyden jars, and experimented on them as with the sparks of his own electrical machine.

As the first efforts of American genius were in the paths of grave and searching inquiry, so, too, at this present moment, if we were called upon to point out amongst the works of our trans-Atlantic brethren, our compatriots still in language, the one which, above all others, displayed the undoubted marks of original genius—it would be a prose work, and one of a philosophical character we should single out:—we should point to the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Americans are frequently heard to lament the absence of nationality in their literature. Perhaps no people are the first to perceive their own character reflected in the writings of one of their countrymen; this nationality is much more open to the observation of a foreigner. We are quite sure that no French or German critic could read the speculations of Emerson, without tracing in them the spirit of the nation to which this writer belongs. The new democracy of the New World is apparent, he would say, in the philosophy of one who yet is no democrat, and, in the ordinary sense of the word, no politician. For what is the prevailing spirit of his writings? Self-reliance, and the determination to see in the man of to-day, in his own, and in his neighbor's mind, the elements of all greatness. Whatever the most exalted characters of history, whatever the most opulent of literatures, has displayed or revealed, of action or of thought—the germ of all lies within yourself. This is his frequent text. What does he say of history? "I have no expectation that any man will read history aright, who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day." He is, as he describes himself, "an endless seeker of truth, with no past at his back." He delights to raise the individual existing mind to the level, if not above the level, of all that has been thought or enacted. He will not endure the imposing claims of antiquity, of great nations, or of great names. "It is remarkable," he says, "that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not, in their stateliest pictures, in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs

of will or of genius, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for our betters, but rather is it true that in their grandest strokes, there we feel most at home. *All that Shakespeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner, feels to be true of himself.*"

Neither do the names of foreign cities, any more than that of ancient nations, overawe or oppress him. Of travelling, he says, "I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins. Travelling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home, I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go."

In a still higher strain he writes, "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind, is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent." This passage is taken from the commencement of the *Essay on History*, and the essay entitled "Nature," opens with a similar sentiment. He disclaims the retrospective spirit of our age that would "put the living generation into masquerade out of the faded wardrobe of the past." He will not see through the eyes of others. "Why should not we also," he demands, "enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? The sun shines to-day also! Let us demand our own works, and laws, and worship."

In the *Essay on Self-reliance*—a title which might over-ride a great portion of his writings—he says: "Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history, our imagination makes fools of us, plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work: but the things of life are the same to both: the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred, and Scanderberg, and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; *did they*

*wear out virtue?*" And in a more sublime mood he proceeds: "Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away—means, teachers, texts, temples fall. Whence, then, this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and majesty of the soul. \* \* \* Man is timid and apologetic. He is no longer upright. He dares not say, 'I think,' 'I am,' but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses, or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose—perfect in every moment of its existence. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he, too, lives with nature in the present, above time."

Surely these quotations alone—which we have made with the additional motive of introducing at once to our readers the happier style and manner of the American philosopher—would bear out the French or German critic in their views of the nationality of this author. The spirit of the New World, and of a self-confident democracy, could not be more faithfully translated into the language of a high and abstract philosophy than it is here. We say that an air blowing from prairie and forest, and the New Western World, is felt in the tone and spirit of Emerson's writings; we do not intend to intimate that the opinions expressed in them are at all times such as might be anticipated from an American. Far from it. Mr. Emerson regards the world from a peculiar point of view, that of an idealistic philosophy. Moreover, he is one of those wilful, capricious, though powerful, thinkers, whose opinions it would not be very easy to anticipate, who balk all prediction, who defy augury.

For instance, a foreigner might naturally expect to find in the speculations of a New England philosopher, certain sanguine and enthusiastic views of the future condition of society. He will not find them here. Our idealist levels the past to the present, but he levels the future to the present also. If with him all that is old is new, so also all that is new is old. It is still the one great universal mind—like the great ocean—ebbing, flowing, in tempest now, and now in calm. He will not join the shout that sees a new sun rising on the world. For ourselves, (albeit little given to the too sanguine mood,) we have more hope here than our author has expressed. We by no means subscribe to the following sentence. The measure of truth it expresses—and so well expresses—bears but a small proportion to the whole truth. "All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves. Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes: it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelior-

ration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that this aboriginal strength the white man has lost. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad axe, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave. The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but loses so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe: the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity (entrenched in establishments and forms) some vigor of wild virtue. *For every stoic was a stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?*"

A French critic has designated Emerson the American Montaigne, struck, we presume, by his independence of manner, and a certain egotism which when accompanied by genius is as attractive, as it is ludicrous without that accompaniment. An English reader will be occasionally reminded of the manner of Sir Thomas Brown, author of the "Religio Medici." Like Sir Thomas, he sometimes startles us by a *curiosity* of reflection, fitted to suggest and kindle thought, although to a dry logician it may seem a mere futility, or the idle play of imagination. Of course this similarity is to be traced only in single and detached passages; but we think we could select several quotations from the American writer which should pass off as choice morsels of Sir Thomas Brown, with one who was familiar with the strain of thought of the old Englishman, but whose memory was not of that formidable exactness as to render vain all attempt at imposition. Take the following for an instance:—"I hold our actual knowledge very cheap. Hear the rats in the wall, see the lizard on the fence, the fungus under foot, the lichen on the log. What do I know sympathetically, morally, of either of these worlds of life! As long as the Caucasian man—perhaps longer—these creatures have kept their council beside him, and there is no record of any word or sign that has passed from the one to the other. \* \* \* I am ashamed to see what a shallow village tale our so-called history is. How many times we must say Rome, and Paris, and

Constantinople. What does Rome know of rat or lizard! What are Olympiads and Consulates to these neighboring systems of being!"

Or this:—"Why should we make it a point to disparage that man we are, and that form of being assigned to us? A good man is contented. I love and honor Epaminondas, but I do not wish to be Epaminondas. I hold it more just to love the world of this hour, than the world of his hour. Nor can you, if I am true, excite me to the least uneasiness by saying 'he acted and thou sittest still.' I see action to be good, when the need is, and sitting still to be also good. Epaminondas, if he was the man I take him for, would have sat still with joy and peace, if his lot had been mine. Heaven is large, and affords space for all modes of love and fortitude. Why should we be busy-bodies, and superserviceable? Action and inaction are alike to the true. \* \* \* Besides, why should we be cowed by the name of action? 'T is a trick of the senses—no more. We know that the ancestor of every action is a thought. The rich mind lies in the sun and sleeps, and is nature. To think is to act."

Or if one were to put down the name of Sir Thomas Brown as the author of such a sentence as the following, are there many who would detect the cheat? "I like the silent church, before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary; so let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood?"

But Emerson is too original a mind to be either a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Brown. He lives, too, in quite another age, and moves in a higher region of philosophy than either of them. The utmost that can be said is, that he is of the same class of independent, original thinkers, somewhat wayward and fitful, who present no system, or none that is distinctly and logically set forth, but cast before us many isolated truths expressed in vivid, spontaneous eloquence.

This class of writers may be described as one whose members, though not deficient in the love of *truth*, are still more conspicuous for their love of *thought*. They crave intellectual excitement; they have a genuine, inexhaustible ardor of reflection. They are not writers of systems, for patience would fail them to traverse the more arid parts of their subject, or those where they have nothing new, nothing of their *own* to put forth. The task of sifting and arranging materials that have passed a thousand times through the hands of others, does not accord with their temperament. Neither are they fond of retracing their own steps, and renewing, from the same starting-place, the same inquiry. They are off to fresh pastures. They care not to be ruffling the leaves of the old manuscript, revising, qualifying, expunging. They would rather brave all sorts of contradictions and *go on*, satisfied that to an ingenuous reader their



thoughts will ultimately wear a true and faithful aspect. They will not be hampered by their own utterances more than by other men's—"If you would be a man," says Emerson, "speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day." These headstrong sages, full of noble caprice, of lofty humors, often pour forth in their wild profusion a strange mixture of great truths and petty conceits—noble principles and paradoxes no better than conundrums. As we have said, they are lovers preëminently of thought. Full of the chase, they will sometimes run down the most paltry game with unmitigated ardor. Such writers are not so wise as their best wisdom, nor so foolish as their folly. When certain of the ancient sages who were in the habit of guessing boldly at the open riddle of nature, made, amidst twenty absurd conjectures, one that has proved to be correct, we do not therefore give them the credit of a scientific discovery. One of these wise men of antiquity said that the sea was a great fish; he asserted also that the moon was an opaque body, and considerably larger than she appears to be. He was right about the moon; he was wrong about the fish; but as he speculated on both subjects in the same hap-hazard style, we give him very little more credit in the one case than the other. Perhaps his theory which transformed the sea into a fish, was that on which he prided himself most. Something of the same kind, though very different in degree, takes place in our judgment upon certain moral speculators. When a man of exuberant thought utters in the fervor or the fever of his mind what *comes first*, his fragments of wisdom seem as little to belong to him as his fragments of folly. The reader picks up, and carries off, what best pleases him, as if there were no owner there, as if it were treasure-trove, and he was entitled to it as first finder. He foregoes the accustomed habit of connecting his writer with the assemblage of thoughts presented to him, as their sole proprietor for the time being; "he cries halves," as Charles Lamb has said on some similar occasion, in whatever he pounces on.

The task of the critic on a writer of this class, becomes more than usually ungracious and irksome. He meets with a work abounding with traits of genius, and conspicuous also for its faults and imperfections. As a reader only, he gives himself up to the pleasure which the former of these inspire. Why should he disturb that pleasure by counting up the blemishes and errors? He sees, but passes rapidly over them; on the nobler passages he dwells, and to them alone he returns. But, as critic, he cannot resign himself entirely to this mood; or rather, after having resigned himself to it, after having enjoyed that only true perusal of a book in which we forget all but the truth we can extract from it, he must rouse himself to another and very different act of attention; he must note defects and blemishes, and caution against errors, and qualify his admiration

by a recurrence to those very portions of the work which he before purposely hurried over.

We take up such a book as these *Essays of Emerson*. We are charmed with many delightful passages of racy eloquence, of original thought, of profound or of *naïve* reflection. What if there are barren pages? What if sometimes there is a thick entangled underwood through which there is no penetrating? We are patient. We can endure the one, and for the other obstacle, in military phrase, we can *turn* it. The page is movable. We are not bound, like the boa-constrictor, to swallow all or none. Meanwhile, in all conscience, there is sufficient for one feast. There is excellence enough to occupy one's utmost attention; there is beauty to be carried away, and truth to be appropriated. What more, from a single book, can any one reasonably desire? But if the task of criticism be imposed upon us, we must, nevertheless, sacrifice this easy and complacent mood—this merely receptive disposition; we must reëxamine; we must cavil and object; we must question of obscurity why it should stand there darkening the road; we must refuse admittance to mere paradox; we must expose the trifling conceit or fanciful analogy that would erect itself into high places, and assume the air of novel and profound truth.

Some portion of this less agreeable duty we will at once perform, that we may afterwards the more freely and heartily devote ourselves to the more pleasant task of calling attention to the works of a man of genius—for we suspect that Emerson is not known in this country as he deserves to be. With some who have heard his name coupled with that of Carlyle, he passes for a sort of echo or double of the English writer. A more independent and original thinker can nowhere in this age be found. This praise must, at all events, be awarded him. And even in America—which has not the reputation of generally overlooking, or underrating, the merits of her own children—we understand that the reputation of Emerson is by no means what it ought to be; and many critics there, who are dissatisfied with merely imitative talent, and demand a man of genius of *their own*, are not aware that he stands there amongst them.

When we accuse Mr. Emerson of obscurity, it is not obscurity of style that we mean. His style often rises—as our readers have had already opportunities of judging—into a vivid, terse, and graphic eloquence, agreeably tinged at times with a poetic coloring; and although he occasionally adopts certain inversions which are not customary in modern prose, he never lays himself open to the charge of being difficult or unintelligible. But there is an obscurity of thought—in the very matter of his writings—produced first by a vein of mysticism which runs throughout his works, and, secondly, by a manner he sometimes has of sweeping together into one paragraph a number of unsorted ideas, but scantily related to each other—bringing up his drag-net with all manner of fish in it, and depositing it then and there before us.



Mysticism is a word often so vaguely and rashly applied, that we feel bound to explain the sense in which we use it. It is not because Mr. Emerson is an idealist in his philosophy—what we are in the habit in the present day of describing as the German school of metaphysics, though he does not appear to have drawn his tenets from the Germans, and more frequently quotes the name of Plato than that of Kant or Hegel—it is not for this we pronounce him to be a mystic. Berkeley was no mystic. In support of this philosophy, reasons may be adduced which appeal to the faculties, and are open to the examination of all men. We do not pronounce idealism to be mystical, but we pronounce him to be a mystic who upholds this, or any other philosophy, upon grounds of conviction not open to all rational men; whose convictions, in short, rest upon some profound intuition, some deep and peculiar source of knowledge, to which the great multitude of mankind are utter strangers. A man shall be an idealist, and welcome; we can discuss the matter with him, we can follow his reasonings, and if we cannot sustain ourselves in that nicely-balanced aerial position he has assumed, poised above the earth on a needle's point of faith, we can at least apprehend how the more subtle metaphysician has contrived to accomplish the feat. But the moment a man proclaims himself in the possession of any truth whatever, by an intuition of which we, and other men, find no traces in our own mind, then it is that we must, of force, abandon him to the sole enjoyment of an illumination we do not share, and which he cannot impart. We call him mystical, and he calls us blind, or sense-beclouded. We assume that he pretends to see where there is no vision, and no visual organ; he retorts that it is we, and the gross vulgar who have lost, or never attained, the high faculty of vision which he possesses. Whether it is Plato or Swedenborg, Pagan or Christian, who lays claim to this occult and oracular wisdom, we must proclaim it a delusion. It is in vain to tell us that these men may be the *élite* of humanity, that they are thus signally favored because they have more successfully cultivated their minds, both intellectually and morally, and purified them for the reception of a closer communion with the divine and all-sustaining and interpenetrating intelligence, than is vouchsafed to the rest of mankind. We, who have nothing but our eyesight and our reason, we of the multitude who are not thus favored, can, at all events, learn nothing from them. Whether above or beside human reason, they are equally remote from intellectual communion. We do not recognize their reason as reason, nor their truth as truth; and we call them mystics to express this unapproachable nature of their minds, this hopeless severance from intercommunion of thought, from even so much of contact as is requisite for the hostilities of controversy. These wisest of mankind are in the same predicament as the maddest of mankind; both believe that they are the only perfectly sane, and that all the rest of the world have lost their reason. The rest of the world hold

the opposite opinion, and we are not aware that in either case there is any appeal but to the authority of numbers, to which, of course, neither the lunatic nor the mystic will submit.

We have frequent intimations in Mr. Emerson's writings of this high intuitive source of truth. Take the following passage in the *Essay on Self-reliance*:—

"And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid, probably, cannot be said; for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition. The thought by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you; when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or appointed way; you shall not discern the foot-prints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name; the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new; it shall exclude all other being. You take the way from man not to man. All persons that ever existed are its fugitive ministers. There shall be no fear in it. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. It asks nothing. There is somewhat low even in hope. *We are then in vision.* There is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor, properly, joy. The soul is raised over passion. *It seeth identity and eternal causation. It is a perceiving that Truth and Right are.* Hence it becomes a tranquillity out of the knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature—the Atlantic Ocean—the South Sea—vast intervals of time—years—centuries—are of no account. This, which I think and feel, underlay that former state of life and circumstances as it does underlie my present, and will always all circumstance, and what is called life, and what is called death."

Whenever a man begins by telling us that he cannot find language to express his meaning, we may be pretty sure that he has no intelligible meaning to express; and Mr. Emerson, in the above passage, fully bears out this general observation. "I cannot," he says in another place, "I cannot, nor can any man, speak precisely of things so sublime, but it seems to me, the wit of man, his strength, his grace, his tendency, his art, is the grace and the presence of God. It is beyond explanation. When all is said and done, the rapt saint is found the only logician. Not exhortation, not argument, becomes our lips, but psalms of joy and praise. But not of adulation: *we are too nearly related in the deep of the mind to that we honor. It is God in us which checks the language of petition by a grander thought. In the bottom of the heart it is said, 'I am, and by me, O child! this fair body and world of thine stands and grows. I am: all things are mine: and all mine are thine.'*"

If we can gather anything from this language, it must imply that the individual mind is conscious of being a part, an emanation of the divine mind—is conscious of this union or identity—the pretension to which species of consciousness is, in our apprehension, pure mysticism.

But we shall not weary our readers by seeking further proofs of this charge of mysticism; for what can be more wearisome than to have a number of unintelligible passages brought together

from different and remote parts of an author's works. We pass to that other cause of obscurity we have hinted at—the agglomerations of a multitude of unrelated, or half-related, ideas. Sometimes a whole paragraph, and a long one too, is made up of separate fragments of thought or fancy, good or amusing, it may be, in themselves, but connected by the slightest and most flimsy thread imaginable. Glittering insects and flies of all sorts, caught and held together in a spider's web, present as much appearance of unity as some of these paragraphs we allude to.

For an example, we will turn to the first essay in the series, that on History. It is, perhaps, the most striking of the whole, and one which has a more distinct aim and purport than most of them, and yet the reader is fairly bewildered at times by the incongruous assemblage of thoughts presented to him. It is the drift of the essay to show, that the varied and voluminous record of history is still but the development and expansion of the individual being man, as he existed yesterday, as he exists to-day. "A man," he says, "is the whole encyclopædia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world." This idea is explained, illustrated, amplified, and very often in a novel and ingenious manner. To exemplify the necessity we feel to recognize *ourselves* in the past, he says—"All inquiry into antiquity, all curiosity respecting the pyramids, the excavated cities, Stonehenge, the Ohio circles, Mexico, Memphis, is the desire to do away with this wild, savage, and preposterous there or then, and introduce in its place the here and the now. It is to banish the *Not me*, and supply the *Me*. It is to abolish difference and restore unity. Belzoni digs and measures in the mummy-pits and pyramids of Thebes, until he can see the end of the difference between the monstrous work and himself. When he has satisfied himself, in general and in detail, that it was made by such a person as himself, so armed and so motivated, and to ends to which he himself, in given circumstances, should also have worked, the problem is then solved, his thought lives along the whole line of temples and sphinxes and catacombs, passes through them all like a creative soul, with satisfaction, and they live again to the mind, or are *now*."

This is good, but by and by he begins to intercalate all sorts of vagrant fantasies, as thus:—

"Civil history, *natural history*, the history of art, and the history of literature—all must be explained from individual history, or must remain words. There is nothing but is related to us, nothing that does not interest us—kingdom, college, *tree*, *horse*, or iron shoe, the roots of all things are in man. It is in the soul that architecture exists. Santa Croce and the dome of St. Peter's are lame copies after a divine model. Strasburg cathedral is a material counterpart of the

soul of Erwin of Steinbach. The true poem is the poet's mind, the true ship is the ship-builder," and so forth. It would be waste of time and words to ask how "tree and horse," in the same sense as kingdom and college, can be said to have "their roots in man;" or whether, when it is said that "Strasburg cathedral is the material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach," this can possibly mean anything else than the undoubted fact, that the architect thought and designed before he built.

This subject of architecture comes sadly in the way of the author, and of the reader too, whom it succeeds in thoroughly mystifying. "The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower with the lightness and delicate finish, as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty. *In like manner*, all public facts are to be individualized, all private facts are to be generalized. Then at once history becomes fluid and true, and biography deep and sublime."

The fables of Pagan mythology next cross his path, and these lead to another medley of thoughts. "These beautiful fables of the Greeks," he says, "being proper creations of the imagination, and not of the fancy, are universal verities." And well they may be, whether of the fancy or the imagination, (and the great distinction here marked out between the two, we do not profess to comprehend,) if each mind, in every age, is at liberty to interpret them as it pleases, and with the same unrestrained license that our author takes. But how can he find here an instance of the *present man* being written out in history, when the old history or fable is perpetually to receive new interpretations, as it is handed down from generation to generation—interpretations which assuredly were never dreamt of by the original inventor?

"Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the poets. Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out into their native music, and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns, and they moan and wallow like dogs." Whether witty or wise, such interpretations have manifestly nothing to do with the fable as it exists in history, as part of the history of the human mind.

"The transmigration of souls: that too is no fable; I would it were. But men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barnyard, the field and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing, and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers." Very good; only, if poets and wits are to set themselves to the task, we should like to know what fable there is in the world, whether the product of imagination or fancy, which might not be shown to abound in eternal verities.

Travelling on a little further, we meet with the

following paragraph, some parts of which are to be made intelligible by putting ourselves in the point of view of the idealistic philosopher; but the whole together, by reason of the incongruity of its parts, produces no other effect than that of mere and painful bewilderment—

"A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. All his faculties refer to natures out of him. All his faculties predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of the fish foreshow that water exists, or the wings of an eagle in the egg presuppose a medium like air. Insulate and you destroy him. He cannot live without a world. Put Napoleon in an island prison, let his faculties find no men to act on, no Alps to climb, no stake to play for, and he would beat the air and appear stupid. Transport him to large countries, dense population, complex interests and antagonist power, and you shall see that the man Napoleon, bounded, that is, by such a profile and outline, is not the virtual Napoleon. This is but Talbot's shadow;

"His substance is not here:  
For what you see is but the smallest part,  
And least proportion of humanity;  
But were the whole frame here,  
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it."

Columbus needs a planet to shape his course upon. Newton and Laplace need myriads of ages and thick-strewn celestial areas. One may say, a gravitating solar system is already prophesied in the nature of Newton's mind. Not less does the brain of Davy and Gay-Lussac, from childhood exploring always the affinities and repulsions of particles, anticipate the laws of organization. Does not the eye of the human embryo predict the light? the ear of Handel predict the witchcraft of harmonic sounds! Do not the constructive fingers of Watt, Fulton, Whittemore, and Arkwright, predict the fusible, hard, and temperable texture of metals, the properties of stone, water, and wood! the lovely attributes of the maiden child predict the refinements and decorations of civil society! Here, also, we are reminded of the action of man on man. A mind might ponder its thoughts for ages, and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day. Who knows himself before he has been thrilled with indignation at an outrage, or has heard an eloquent tongue, or has shared the throbs of thousands in a national exultation and alarm! No man can antedate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw to-day the face of a person whom he shall see to-morrow for the first time."

And the essay concludes by presenting its leading idea in this distorted and exaggerated shape:—

"Thus, in all ways does the soul concentrate and reproduce its treasures for each pupil, each new-born man. He, too, shall pass through the whole cycle of experience. He shall collect into a focus the rays of nature. History no longer shall be a dull book. It shall walk incarnate in every just and wise man. You shall not tell me by languages and titles a catalogue of the volumes you have read. You shall make me feel what periods you have lived. A man shall be the temple of fame. He shall walk as the poets have described

that goddess, in a robe painted all over with wonderful events and experiences;—his own form and features by that exalted intelligence shall be that variegated vest. I shall find in him the foreworld; in his childhood the age of gold; the apples of knowledge; the Argonautic expedition; the calling of Abraham; the building of the temple; the advent of Christ; dark ages; the revival of letters; the reformation; the discovery of new lands, the opening of new sciences, and new regions in man. He shall be the priest of Pan, and bring with him into humble cottages the blessing of the morning stars, and all the recorded benefits of heaven and earth."

We regret to say that instances of this painful obscurity, of this outrageous and fantastical style of writing, it would not be difficult to multiply, were it either necessary or desirable. We have quoted sufficient to justify even harsher terms of censure than we have chosen to deal in; sufficient to warn our readers who may be induced, from the favorable quotations we have made, and shall continue to make, to turn to the works of this author, that it is not all gold they will find there, that the sun does not always shine upon his page, that a great proportion of his writings may be little suited to their taste.

That which forms the great and inextinguishable charm of those writings is the fine moral temper they display, the noble ardor, the high ethical tone they everywhere manifest and sustain, and especially that lofty independence of his intellect, that freedom of his reason which the man who aspires after true cultivation should watch over and preserve with the utmost jealousy. Addressing the divinity students of Cambridge, U. S., he says—

"Let me admonish you, first of all, to go alone; to refuse the good models, even those most sacred in the imagination of men, and dare to love God without mediator or veil. Friends enough you will find, who will hold up to your emulation Wesleys and Oberlins, saints and prophets. Thank God for these good men, but say, 'I also am a man.' Imitation cannot go above its model. The imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity. The inventor did it because it was natural to him; and so in him it has a charm. In the imitator, something else is natural, and he bereaves himself of his own beauty, to come short of another man's. \* \* \*

"Let us not aim at common degrees of merit. Can we not leave to such as love it the virtue that glitters for the commendation of society, and ourselves pierce the deep solitudes of absolute ability and worth? We easily come up to the standard of goodness in society. Society's praise can be cheaply secured, and almost all men are content with those easy merits; but the instant effect of conversing with God, will be to put them away. There are sublime merits; persons who are not actors, not speakers, but influences; persons too great for fame, for display; who disdain eloquence; to whom all we call art and artist seems too nearly allied to show and by-ends, to the exaggeration of the finite and selfish, and loss of the universal. The orators, the poets, the commanders, encroach on us only as fair women do, by our allowance and homage. Slight them by preoccupation of mind—slight them, as you can well afford to do, by high and universal



aims, and they instantly feel that you have right, and that it is in lower places that they must shine. They also feel your right; for they, with you, are open to the influx of the all-knowing spirit, which annihilates before its broad noon the little shades and gradations of intelligence in the compositions we call wiser and wisest.

"In such high communion, let us study the grand strokes of rectitude: a bold benevolence, an independence of friends, so that not the unjust wishes of those who love us shall impair our freedom; but we shall resist, for truth's sake, the freest flow of kindness, and appeal to sympathies far in advance. And, what is the highest form in which we know this beautiful element?—a certain solidity of merit that has nothing to do with opinion, and which is so essentially and manifestly virtue, that it is taken for granted that the right, the brave, the generous step will be taken by it, and nobody thinks of commending it. You would compliment a coxcomb doing a good act, but you would not praise an angel. The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause."

Nothing but the necessity to husband our space prevents us from quoting other passages of the same noble strain.

There is an essay on *Love* which has highly pleased us, and from which we wish to make some extracts. To a man of genius the old subjects are always new. The romance and enthusiasm of the passion is here quite freshly and vividly portrayed, while the great moral end of that charming exaggeration which every lover makes of the beauty and excellence of his mistress, is finely pointed out. There is both poetry and philosophy in the essay—as our readers shall judge for themselves from the following extracts. We do not always mark the omissions we make for the sake of economy of space, nor always cite the passages in the order they appear in the essay.

"What fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them, and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. *All mankind love a lover.* The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door;—but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him; and these two little neighbors that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality."

As is ever the case when men describe what is, or might be an exquisite happiness, there steals a melancholy over the description; and our author makes it a primary condition,

"That we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sen-

timent as it appeared in *hope*, and not in *history*. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink, and shrink. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions imbitter in mature life all the remembrances of budding sentiment, and cover every beloved name. Everything is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour, as seen from experience. It is strange how painful is the actual world—the painful kingdom of time and space. There dwell care, canker, and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing. But with names and persons and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday, is grief.

"But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory; *when we become all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone*; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures.

"For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven, seizes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty, overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows."

And on this matter of beauty how ingenious and full of feeling are the following reflections!—

"Wonderful is its charm. It seems sufficient to itself. The lover cannot paint his maiden to his fancy poor and solitary. Like a tree in flower, so much soft, budding, informing loveliness, is society for itself, *and she teaches his eye why Beauty was ever painted with Loves and Graces attending her steps.* Her existence makes the world rich. Though she extrudes all other persons from his attention as cheap and unworthy, yet she indemnifies him by carrying out her own being into somewhat impersonal; so that the maiden stands to him for a representation of all select things and virtues. *For that reason the lover sees never personal resemblances in his mistress to her kindred or to others.* His friends find in her a likeness to her mother, or her sisters, or to persons not of her blood. *The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds.*

"Beauty is ever that divine thing the ancients esteemed it. It is, they said, the flowering of virtue. Who can analyze the nameless charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam, points. It is

destroyed for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organization. Nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love that society knows or has, but, as it seems to me, to a quite other and unattainable sphere, to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, a true faerie land; to what roses and violets hint and foreshadow. We cannot get at beauty. Its nature is like opaline doves' neck lustres, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean Paul Richter signify, when he said to music, 'Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have found not, and shall not find.' The same fact may be observed in every work of the plastic arts. The statue is then beautiful, when it begins to be incomprehensible, when it is passing out of criticism, and can no longer be defined by compass and measuring wand, but demands an active imagination to go with it, and to say what it is in the act of doing. The god or hero of the sculptor is always represented in a transition *from* that which is representable to the senses, *to* that which is not. Then first it ceases to be a stone.

"So must it be with personal beauty which love worships. Then first is it charming and itself when it dissatisfies us with any end; when it becomes a story without an end; when it suggests gleams and visions, and not earthly satisfactions; when it seems

'Too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food';

when it makes the beholder feel his unworthiness; when he cannot feel his right to it, though he were Cæsar; he cannot feel more right to it, than to the firmament and the splendors of a sunset."

But this dream of love is but one scene in the play; and our author concludes his essay by pointing out what is, or should be, the denouement of the drama.

"Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties to extort all the resources of each, and acquaint each with the whole strength and weakness of the other. For, it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each other.

"At last they discover that all which at first drew them together—those once sacred features, that magical play of charms, was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart, from year to year, is the real marriage foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. Looking at these aims with which two persons, a man and a woman, so variously and correlatively gifted, are shut up in one house to spend in the nuptial society forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the emphasis with which the heart prophesies this crisis from early infancy—at the profuse beauty with which the instincts deck the nuptial bower, and nature and intellect and art emulate each other in the gifts and the melody they bring to the epithalamium. Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeketh virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom."

If there is something of the *ideal* in this account

given of love and matrimony, there is, nevertheless, a noble truth in it. And surely in proportion as the sentiment of love is refined and spiritualized, so also ought the moral culture, to which it is subservient, to be pure and elevated.

The longest essay in the collection, and that which approaches nearest to the more formidable character of a treatise, is that entitled "Nature." This exhibits, so to speak, the practical point of view of an idealist. The idealist has denied the substantial, independent existence of the material world, but he does not deny the existence of a phenomenal world. The Divine Nature reveals itself in the twofold form of finite mind and this phenomenal world. Thus, we believe, we may express the general creed of these philosophers, though it is a very delicate matter to act as interpreter to this class of thinkers: they are rarely satisfied with any expressions of their own, and are not likely to be contented with those of any other person. This phenomenal world has for its final cause the development and education of the finite mind. It follows, therefore, that all which a realist could say of the utility of nature can be advanced also by the idealist. He has his practical point of view, and can discourse, as Mr. Emerson does here, on the various "uses" of nature which, he says, "admit of being thrown into the following classes:—commodity, beauty, language, and discipline."

We have not the least intention of proceeding further with an analysis of this essay; as we have already intimated, the value of Mr. Emerson's writings appears to us to consist in the beauty and truthfulness of individual passages, not at all in his system, or any prolonged train of reasoning he may adopt. It is impossible to read this production without being delighted and arrested by a number of these individual passages sparkling with thought or fancy; it would be equally impossible to gather from it, as a whole, anything satisfactory or complete.

On the beauty of nature he is always eloquent; he is evidently one who intensely feels it. "Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, night and the stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows." The shows of heaven and earth are with him a portion of daily life. "In the woods is perpetual youth." "We talk," he says in another place, "with accomplished persons who appear to be strangers in nature. The cloud, the tree, the turf, the bird are not theirs, have nothing of them; the world is only their lodging and table." No such stranger is our poet-philosopher. "Crossing a bare common, in twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am."

The only quotation we shall make from the Essay on "Nature," shall be one where he treats of this subject—

"A nobler want of man is served by nature—  
namely, the love of beauty. Such is the constitution

of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary form, as the sky, the mountain, the tree, the animal, give us a delight *in and for themselves*: a pleasure arising from outline, color, motion, and grouping. And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. *There is no object so foul, that intense light will not make beautiful.* And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of infinitude which it hath, like space and time, will make all matter gay. But besides this general grace diffused over nature, almost all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye, as is proved by our endless imitations of some of them; as the acorn, the grape, the pine-cone, the wheat-ear, the egg, the wings and forms of most birds, the lion's claw, the serpent, the butterfly, sea-shells, flames, clouds, buds, leaves, and the forms of many trees, as the palm.

"The influence of the forms and actions in nature is so needful to man that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of Commodity and Beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired so long as we can see far enough.

"But in other hours nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! *Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.* The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie."

Mr. Emerson has published a volume of poems, and it has been generally admitted that he has not succeeded in verse. But there are touches of charming poetry in his prose. This discrepancy, which is not unfrequently met with, must result, we presume, from an inaptitude to employ the forms of verse, so that the style, instead of being invigorated, and polished, and concentrated by the necessary attention to line and metre, becomes denaturalized, constrained, crude, and unequal. We have looked through this volume of poems, but we should certainly not be adding to the reputation of the author by drawing attention to it. If we wished to find instances of the poetry of Emerson, we should still seek for them in his prose essays. Thus he says:—

"In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record, day by day, my honest thought, without prospect or retrospect, and I cannot doubt it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. *The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also.*"

"Our moods," he says, "do not believe in each other. To-day I am full of thoughts; but yesterday I saw a dreary vacuity in this direction in which now I see so much; and a month hence, I doubt not, I shall wonder who he was that wrote so many continuous pages. Alas for this infirm faith, this will not strenuous, this vast ebb of a vast flow! *I am God in nature—I am a weed by the wall!*"

"A lady," he writes on another occasion, "with whom I was riding in the forest, said to me that the woods always seemed to her *to wait*, as if the gonii who inhabit them suspended their deeds until the wayfarer has passed onward. This is precisely the thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies which breaks off on the approach of human feet." The lady had a true poetic feeling. And the following thought is illustrated by a very happy image.

"In man, we still trace the rudiments or hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the lower races, yet in him they enhance his nobleness and grace; as Io in Æschylus, transformed to a cow, offends the imagination, but how changed when as Isis in Egypt she meets Jove, a beautiful woman, with nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar horns, as the splendid ornament of her brows!"

In his philosophy, we have seen that Mr. Emerson is an idealist, something, too, of a pantheist. In theology, we have heard him described as a Unitarian; but although the Unitarians of America differ more widely from each other, and from the standard of orthodoxy, than the same denomination of men in this country, we presume there is no body of Unitarians with whom our philosopher would fraternize, or who would receive him amongst their ranks. His Christianity appears rather to be of that description which certain of the Germans, one section of the Hegelians for instance, have found reconcilable with their pantheistic philosophy. It is well for him that he writes in a tolerant age, that he did not make his appearance a generation too soon; the pilgrim fathers would certainly have burnt him at the stake; he would have died the death of Giordano Bruno. And we believe—if the spirit of his writings be any test of the spirit of the man—that he would have suffered as a martyr, rather than have foregone the freedom and the truthfulness of his thought. His essays are replete with passages such as this:—"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates, will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates, will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations, between which, as walls, his being is swung.



He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and he respects the highest law of his being."

We gather from what little has reached us of his biography, that he has in fact sacrificed somewhat of the commodity of this life, to this "higher law of his being." In a work which has just fallen into our hands, entitled "*The Prose Writers of America, with a Survey of the Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country, by Rufus Wilmot Griswold*," we find the following scanty account of Emerson. "He is the son of a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, and in 1821, when about seventeen years of age, was graduated at Harvard University. Having turned his attention to theology, he was ordained minister of one of the congregations of his native city, but, embracing soon after some peculiar views in regard to the forms of worship, he abandoned his profession, and retiring to the quiet village of Concord, after the manner of an Arabian prophet, gave himself up to 'thinking,' preparatory to his appearance as a revelator." Which meagre narrative, not very happily told, leads us to infer that the recluse of Concord has lived up to the high spirit of his own teaching.

It is remarkable that Mr. Griswold, in the prefatory essay which he entitles *The Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country*, although he has introduced a host of writers of all grades, some of whom will be heard of in England for the first time, never once mentions the name of Emerson! Yet, up to this moment, America has not given to the world anything which, in point of original genius, is comparable to his writings. That she has a thousand minds better built up, whose more equal culture, and whose more sober opinions, one might prefer to have—this is not the question—but in that highest department of reflective genius, where the power is given to impart new insights into truth, or make old truths look new, he stands hitherto unrivalled in his country; he has no equal and no second.

Very popular he perhaps never may become; but we figure to ourselves that, a century hence, he will be recognized as one of those old, favorite writers whom the more thoughtful spirits read, not so much as teachers, but as noble-minded companions and friends, whose aberrations have been long ago conceded and forgiven. Men will read him then, not for his philosophy—they will not care two straws for his idealism or his pantheism: they will know that they are there, and there they will leave them—but they will read him for those genuine confessions of one spirit to another, that are often breathed in his writings; for those lofty sentiments to which all hearts respond; for those truths which make their way through all systems, and in all ages.

Mr. Elijah Galloway has patented what has hitherto been esteemed much more as a philosopher's stone of steam power than a practicable invention. It is said to be so wondrously portable as not to weigh more than two or three hundred weight and not to occupy more than half the space of an ordinary hat-box. A steam-pipe from the boiler brings the steam into this little receptacle; an eccentric crank is turned by the rotary motion within it; and here is all the machinery said to be necessary to propel the largest engines, whether mining, marine, or locomotive. The admiralty are said to have ordered an estimate for supplying the Minx with a fifty-horse power one. They could not do better, we think, than name such a little whirling machine the Minx itself, and provide it with the all-sufficient accommodation of a band-box.—*The Builder*.

A NEW mode of propelling steam-boats, invented by Mr. Simpson, was tried in the Thames on Monday afternoon. The new propeller consists of a wheel acting horizontally or vertically within a case entirely submerged. The case is a circle, rendered eccentric by its position with relation to the wheel. It is so much larger than the wheel as to give effect to the centrifugal action of the water. The principle of the invention consists in the ejection of a column of water in a parallel line with that of the vessel's motion, which column acts against the water outside the vessel. The experiment was tried with a small steamer called the Albion, of 20-horse power. The speed attained ranged between ten to twelve knots, with an entire absence of all surface swell or wave. The diameter of the submerged propeller is very small; for a vessel of 400 tons it would not be greater than 30 inches.

THE fishermen of the coast to which the south-eastern railway affords means of communicating with London now send vast quantities of fish to the metropolis by rail.

HAMBURG witnessed a curious legal proceeding on the 8th instant. The scaffold was erected as for an execution, before the principal front of the Exchange; and at noon a large furnace filled with resinous wood was placed on it. The wood having been set on fire, the bell of the town-hall was rung violently, as is usual during the execution of decrees inflicting infamous penalties. At one o'clock, the hour at which merchants are assembled on the exchange, the public executioner ascended the scaffold, followed by two of his assistants; and, after having caused a drum to be beat, he proclaimed in a loud voice the name of a merchant who had been declared guilty of fraudulent bankruptcy, and who had taken to flight. He then displayed to the spectators an enormous placard bearing the name of the culprit in gigantic letters. He next caused the drum to be beat a second time; after which he tossed the placard in the flames. For twenty-three years no similar execution had taken place at Hamburg.

MEANS OF PREVENTING ACIDITY IN BREAD.—Bread made in warm weather is frequently sour, and is thus not only disagreeable, but unwholesome. We are assured by a correspondent that a little carbonate of magnesia, in the proportion of three grains to a pound of flour, entirely obviates the risk of this accident.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

### THE WATCHER.

It is now more than fifty years since the occurrences which I am about to relate caused a strange sensation in the gay society of Dublin. The fashionable world, however, is no recorder of traditions—the memory of selfishness seldom reaches far—and the events which occasionally disturb the polite monotony of its pleasant and heartless progress, however stamped with the characters of misery and horror, scarcely ever outlive the gossip of a season; and, except perhaps in the remembrance of a few more directly interested in the consequences of the catastrophe, are in a little time lost to the recollection of all. The appetite for scandal, or for horror, has been sated—the incident can yield no more of interest or of novelty—curiosity, frustrated by impenetrable mystery, gives over the pursuit in despair—the tale has ceased to be new, grows stale and flat—and so, in a few years, inquiry subsides into indifference, and all is forgotten.

I was a young man at the time, and intimately acquainted with some of the actors in this strange tale; the impression which its incidents made upon me, therefore, were deep and lasting. I shall now endeavor, with fulness and precision, to relate them all, combining, of course, in the narrative, whatever I have learned from various sources, tending, however imperfectly, to illuminate the darkness which involves its progress and termination.

Somewhere about the year 1794, the younger brother of a certain baronet, whom I shall call Sir James Barton, returned to Dublin. He had served in the navy with some distinction, having commanded one of his majesty's frigates during the greater part of the American war. Captain Barton was now apparently some two or three-and-forty years of age. He was an intelligent and agreeable companion, when he pleased it, though generally reserved, and occasionally even moody. In society, however, he deputed himself as a man of the world, and a gentleman. He had not contracted any of the noisy brusqueness sometimes acquired at sea; on the contrary, his manners were remarkably easy, quiet, and even polished. He was in person about the middle size, and somewhat strongly formed—his countenance was marked with the lines of thought, and on the whole wore an expression of gravity and even of melancholy; being, however, as we have said, a man of perfect breeding, as well as of affluent circumstances and good family, he had, of course, ready access to the best society of the metropolis, without the necessity of any other credentials. In his personal habits Mr. Barton was unexpensive. He occupied lodgings in one of the *then* fashionable streets in the south side of the town—kept but one horse and one servant—and, though a reputed free-thinker, yet lived an orderly and moral life—indulging neither in gaming, drinking, nor any other vicious pursuit—living very much to himself, with-

out forming any intimacies, or choosing any companions, and appearing to mix in gay society rather for the sake of its bustle and distraction, than for any opportunities which it offered of interchanging either thoughts or feelings with its votaries. Barton was therefore pronounced a saving, prudent, unsocial sort of a fellow, who bid fair to maintain his celibacy alike against stratagem and assault, and was likely to live to a good old age, die rich, and leave his money to an hospital.

It was soon apparent, however, that the nature of Mr. Barton's plans had been totally misconceived. A young lady, whom we shall call Miss Montague, was at this time introduced into the gay world of Dublin, by her aunt, the Dowager Lady L—. Miss Montague was decidedly pretty and accomplished, and having some natural cleverness, and a great deal of gayety, became for a while a reigning toast. Her popularity, however, gained her, for a time, nothing more than that unsubstantial admiration which, however pleasant as an incense to vanity, is by no means necessarily antecedent to matrimony—for, unhappily for the young lady in question, it was an understood thing, that, beyond her personal attractions, she had no kind of earthly provision. Such being the state of affairs, it will readily be believed that no little surprise was consequent upon the appearance of Captain Barton as the avowed lover of the penniless Miss Montague.

His suit prospered, as might have been expected, and in a short time it was confidentially communicated by old Lady L—to each of her hundred-and-fifty particular friends in succession, that Captain Barton had actually tendered proposals of marriage, with her approbation, to her niece, Miss Montague, who had, moreover, accepted the offer of his hand, conditionally upon the consent of her father, who was then upon his homeward voyage from India, and expected in two or three months at furthest. About this consent there could be no doubt—the delay, therefore, was one merely of form—they were looked upon as absolutely engaged, and Lady L—, with a rigor of old-fashioned decorum with which her niece would, no doubt, gladly have dispensed, withdrew her thenceforward from all further participation in the gayeties of the town. Captain Barton was a constant visitor, as well as a frequent guest, at the house, and was permitted all the privileges of intimacy which a betrothed suitor is usually accorded. Such was the relation of parties, when the mysterious circumstances which darken this narrative with inexplicable melancholy first begun to unfold themselves.

Lady L— resided in a handsome mansion at the north side of Dublin, and Captain Barton's lodgings, as we have already said, were situated at the south. The distance intervening was considerable, and it was Captain Barton's habit generally to walk home without an attendant, as often as he passed the evening with the old lady and her fair charge. His shortest way in such nocturnal walks, lay, for a considerable space, through a line of street which had as yet been merely laid out,

and little more than the foundations of the houses constructed. One night, shortly after his engagement with Miss Montague had commenced, he happened to remain unusually late, in company only with her and Lady L—. The conversation had turned upon the evidences of revelation, which he had disputed with the callous scepticism of a confirmed infidel. What were called "French principles," had in those days found their way a good deal into fashionable society, especially that portion of it which professed allegiance to whiggism, and neither the old lady nor her charge were so perfectly free from the taint, as to look upon Mr. Barton's views as any serious objection to the proposed union. The discussion had degenerated into one upon the supernatural and the marvellous, in which he had pursued precisely the same line of argument and ridicule. In all this, it is but truth to state, Captain Barton was guilty of no affectation—the doctrines upon which he insisted, were, in reality, but too truly the basis of his own fixed belief, if so it might be called; and, perhaps, not the least strange of the many strange circumstances connected with this narrative, was the fact, that the subject of the fearful influences we are about to describe, was himself, from the deliberate conviction of years, an utter disbeliever in what are usually termed preternatural agencies.

It was considerably past midnight when Mr. Barton took his leave, and set out upon his solitary walk homeward. He had now reached the lonely road, with its unfinished dwarf walls tracing the foundations of the projected rows of houses on either side—the moon was shining mistily, and its imperfect light made the road he trod but additionally dreary—that utter silence which has in it something indefinably exciting, reigned there, and made the sound of his steps, which alone broke it, unnaturally loud and distinct. He had proceeded thus some way, when he on a sudden heard other footfalls, pattering at a measured pace, and, as it seemed, about two score steps behind him. The suspicion of being dogged is at all times unpleasant; it is, however, especially so in a spot so desolate and lonely; and this suspicion became so strong in the mind of Captain Barton, that he abruptly turned about to confront his pursuers, but, though there was quite sufficient moonlight to disclose any object upon the road he had traversed, no form of any kind was visible there. The steps he had heard could not have been the reverberation of his own, for he stamped his foot upon the ground, and walked briskly up and down, in the vain attempt to awake an echo; though by no means a fanciful person, therefore he was at last fain to charge the sounds upon his imagination, and treat them as an illusion. Thus satisfying himself, he resumed his walk, and before he had proceeded a dozen paces, the mysterious footfalls were again audible from behind, and this time, as if with the special design of showing that the sounds were not the responses of an echo—the steps sometimes slackened nearly to a halt, and sometimes hurried for six or eight strides to a run, and again abated

to a walk. Captain Barton, as before, turned suddenly round, and with the same result—no object was visible above the deserted level of the road. He walked back over the same ground, determined that, whatever might have been the cause of the sounds which had so disconcerted him, it should not escape his search—the endeavor, however, was unrewarded. In spite of all his scepticism, he felt something like a superstitious fear stealing fast upon him, and with these unwonted and uncomfortable sensations, he once more turned and pursued his way. There was no repetition of these haunting sounds, until he had reached the point where he had last stopped to retrace his steps—here they were resumed—and with sudden starts of running, which threatened to bring the unseen pursuer close up to the alarmed pedestrian. Captain Barton arrested his course as formerly—the unaccountable nature of the occurrence filled him with vague and horrible sensations—and yielding to the excitement he felt gaining upon him, he shouted sternly, "Who goes there?" The sound of one's own voice, thus exerted, in utter solitude, and followed by total silence, has in it something unpleasantly exciting, and he felt a degree of nervousness which, perhaps, from no cause had he ever known before. To the very end of this solitary street the steps pursued him—and it required a strong effort of stubborn pride on his part, to resist the impulse that prompted him every moment to run for safety at the top of his speed. It was not until he had reached his lodging, and sat by his own fire-side, that he felt sufficiently reassured to rearrange and reconsider in his own mind the occurrences which had so discomposed him. So little a matter, after all, is sufficient to upset the pride of scepticism and vindicate the old simple laws of nature within us.

Mr. Barton was next morning sitting at a late breakfast, reflecting upon the incidents of the previous night, with more of inquisitiveness than awe, so speedily do gloomy impressions upon the fancy disappear under the cheerful influences of day, when a letter just delivered by the postman was placed upon the table before him. There was nothing remarkable in the address of this missive, except that it was written in a hand which he did not know—perhaps it was disguised—for the tall, narrow characters were sloped backward; and with the self-inflicted suspense which we so often see practised in such cases, he puzzled over the inscription for a full minute before he broke the seal. When he did so, he read the following words, written in the same hand:—

"Mr. Barton, late captain of the 'Dolphin,' is warned of DANGER. He will do wisely to avoid — street—[here the locality of his last night's adventure was named]—if he walks there as usual he will meet with something bad—let him take warning, once for all, for he has good reason to dread

"THE WATCHER."

Captain Barton read and reread this strange effusion; in every light and in every direction he turned it over and over; he examined the paper



on which it was written, and scrutinized the handwriting even more. Defeated here, he turned to the seal; it was nothing but a patch of wax, upon which the accidental impression of a coarse thumb was imperfectly visible. There was not the slightest mark, no clue or indication of any kind, to lead him to even a guess as to its possible origin. The writer's object seemed a friendly one, and yet he subscribed himself as one whom he had "good reason to dread." Altogether the letter, its author, and its real purpose, were to him an inexplicable puzzle, and one, moreover, unpleasantly suggestive, in his mind, of associations connected with his last night's adventure.

In obedience to some feeling—perhaps of pride—Mr. Barton did not communicate, even to his intended bride, the occurrences which we have just detailed. Trifling as they might appear, they had in reality most disagreeably affected his imagination, and he cared not to disclose, even to the young lady in question, what she might possibly look upon as evidences of weakness. The latter might very well be but a hoax, and the mysterious footfall but a delusion of his fancy. But although he affected to treat the whole affair as unworthy of a thought, it yet haunted him pertinaciously, tormenting him with perplexing doubts, and depressing him with undefined apprehensions. Certain it is, that for a considerable time afterwards he carefully avoided the street indicated in the letter as the scene of danger.

It was not until about a week after the receipt of the letter which I have transcribed, that anything further occurred to remind Captain Barton of its contents, or to counteract the gradual disappearance from his mind of the disagreeable impressions which he had then received. He was returning one night, after the interval I have stated, from the theatre, which was then situated in Crow street, and having there handed Miss Montague and Lady L—— into their carriage, he loitered for some time with two or three acquaintances. With these, however, he parted close to the college, and pursued his way alone. It was now fully one o'clock, and the streets quite deserted. During the whole of his walk with the companions from whom he had just parted, he had been at times painfully aware of the sound of steps, as it seemed, dogging them on their way. Once or twice he had looked back, in the uneasy anticipation that he was again about to experience the same mysterious annoyances which had so much disconcerted him a week before, and earnestly hoping that he might see some form from whom the sounds might naturally proceed. But the street was deserted—no form was visible. Proceeding now quite alone upon his homeward way, he grew really nervous and uncomfortable, as he became sensible, with increased distinctness, of the well-known and now absolutely dreaded sounds.

By the side of the dead wall which bounded the college park, the sounds followed, re-commencing almost simultaneously with his own steps. The same unequal pace—sometimes slow, sometimes

for a score yards or so, quickened to a run—was audible from behind him. Again and again he turned; quickly and stealthily he glanced over his shoulder—almost at every half-dozen steps; but no one was visible. The horrors of this intangible and unseen persecution became gradually all but intolerable; and when at last he reached his home, his nerves were strung to such a pitch of excitement that he could not rest, and did not attempt even to lie down until after the day-light had broken.

He was awakened by a knock at his chamber-door, and his servant entering, handed him several letters which had just been received by the penny post. One among them instantly arrested his attention—a single glance at the direction aroused him thoroughly. He at once recognized its character, and read as follows:—

"You may as well think, Captain Barton, to escape from your own shadow as from me; do what you may, I will see you as often as I please, and you shall see me, for I do not want to hide myself, as you fancy. Do not let it trouble your rest, Captain Barton; for, with a *good conscience*, what need you fear from the eye of

"THE WATCHER."

It was scarcely necessary to dwell upon the feelings elicited by a perusal of this strange communication. Captain Barton was observed to be unusually absent and out of spirits for several days afterwards; but no one divined the cause. Whatever he might think as to the phantom steps which followed him, there could be no possible illusion about the letters he had received; and, to say the least of it, their immediate sequence upon the mysterious sounds which had haunted him, was an odd coincidence. The whole circumstance was, in his own mind, vaguely and instinctively connected with certain passages in his past life, which, of all others, he hated to remember. It happened, however, that in addition to his own approaching nuptials, Captain Barton had just then—fortunately, perhaps, for himself—some business of an engrossing kind connected with the adjustment of a large and long-litigated claim upon certain properties. The hurry and excitement of business had its natural effect in gradually dispelling the marked gloom which had for a time occasionally oppressed him, and in a little while his spirits had entirely resumed their accustomed tone.

During all this time, however, he was occasionally dismayed by indistinct and half-heard repetitions of the same annoyance, and that in lonely places, in the day-time as well as after nightfall. These renewals of the strange impressions from which he had suffered so much, were, however, desultory and faint, inasmuch that often he really could not, to his own satisfaction, distinguish between them and the mere suggestions of an excited imagination. One evening he walked down to the house of commons with a member, an acquaintance of his and mine. This was one of the few occasions upon which I have been in company with Captain Barton. As we walked down together,

I observed that he became absent and silent, and to a degree so marked as scarcely to consist with good breeding, and which, in one who was obviously, in all his habits, perfectly a gentleman, seemed to argue the pressure of some urgent and absorbing anxiety. I afterwards learned that, during the whole of our walk, he had heard the well-known footsteps dogging him as we proceeded. This, however, was the last time he suffered from this phase of the persecution, of which he was already the anxious victim. A new and a very different one was about to be presented.

Of the new series of impressions which were afterwards gradually to work out his destiny, I that evening witnessed the first; and but for its relation to the train of events which followed, the incident would scarcely have been now remembered by me. As we were walking in at the passage, a man, of whom I remember only that he was short in stature, looked like a foreigner, and wore a kind of travelling-cap, walked very rapidly, and as if under some fierce excitement, directly towards us, muttering to himself, fast and vehemently, the while. This odd-looking person walked straight towards Barton, who was foremost of the three, and halted, regarding him for a moment or two with a look of menace and fury almost maniacal; and then turning about as abruptly, he walked before us at the same agitated pace, and disappeared at a side passage. I do distinctly remember being a good deal shocked at the countenance and bearing of this man, which indeed irresistibly impressed me with an undefined sense of danger, such as I never felt before or since from the presence of anything human; but these sensations were, on my part, far from amounting to anything so disconcerting as to flurly or excite me—I had seen only a singularly evil countenance, agitated, as it seemed, with the excitement of madness. I was absolutely astonished, however, at the effect of this apparition upon Captain Barton. I knew him to be a man of proud courage and coolness in real danger—a circumstance which made his conduct upon this occasion the more conspicuously odd. He recoiled a step or two as the stranger advanced, and clutched my arm in silence, with what seemed to me to be a spasm of agony or terror; and then, as the figure disappeared, shoving me roughly back, he followed it for a few paces, stopped in great disorder, and sat down upon a form. I never beheld a countenance more ghastly and haggard.

"For God's sake, Barton, what is the matter?" said —, our companion, really alarmed at his appearance. "You're not hurt, are you?—or unwell? What is it?"

"What did he say?—I did not hear it—what was it?" asked Barton, wholly disregarding the question.

"Tut, tut—nonsense," said —, greatly surprised; "who cares what the fellow said. You are unwell, Barton—decidedly unwell; let me call a coach."

"Unwell! Yes—no—not exactly unwell,"

he said, evidently making an effort to recover his self-possession; "but, to say the truth, I am fatigued—a little over-worked—and perhaps over-anxious. You know I have been in chancery, and the winding up of a suit is always a nervous affair. I have felt uncomfortable all this evening; but I am better now. Come, come—shall we go on?"

"No, no. Take my advice, Barton, and go home; you really do need rest; you are looking absolutely ill. I really do insist on your allowing me to see you home," replied his friend.

I seconded —'s advice, the more readily as it was obvious that Barton was not himself disinclined to be persuaded. He left us, politely declining our offered escort. I was not sufficiently intimate with — to discuss the scene which we had both just witnessed, and in which his friend had appeared in so strange a light. I was, however, convinced, from his manner, in the few common-place comments and regrets which we exchanged, that he was just as little satisfied as I with the extempore plea of illness with which he had accounted for the strange exhibition, and that we were both agreed in suspecting some lurking mystery in the matter.

I called next day at Barton's lodgings, to inquire for him, and learned from the servant that he had not left his room since his return the night before; but that he was not seriously indisposed, and hoped to be out again in a few days. That evening he sent for Doctor R—, then in large and fashionable practice in Dublin, and their interview was, it is said, an odd one.

He entered into a detail of his own symptoms in an abstracted and desultory kind of way, which seemed to argue a strange want of interest in his own cure, and, at all events, made it manifest that there was some topic engaging his mind of more engrossing importance than his present ailment. He complained of occasional palpitations, and headache. Doctor R— asked him, among other questions, whether there was any irritating circumstance or anxiety then occupying his thoughts. This he denied quickly and almost peevishly; and the physician thereupon declared it his opinion that there was nothing amiss except some slight derangement of the digestion, for which he accordingly wrote a prescription, and was about to withdraw, when Mr. Barton, with the air of a man who suddenly recollects a topic which had nearly escaped him, recalled him.

"I beg your pardon, doctor, but I had really almost forgot; will you permit me to ask you two or three medical questions—rather odd ones, perhaps, but as a wager depends upon their solution, you will, I hope, excuse my unreasonableness."

The physician readily undertook to satisfy the inquirer.

Barton seemed to have some difficulty about opening the proposed interrogatories, for he was silent for a minute, then walked to his book-case, and returned as he had gone; at last he sat down, and said,

"You'll think them very childish questions, but I can't recover my wager without a decision; so I must put them. I want to know first about lock-jaw. If a man actually has had that complaint, and appears to have died of it—so much so, that a physician of average skill pronounces him actually dead—may he, after all, recover?"

The physician smiled, and shook his head.

"But—but a blunder may be made," resumed Barton. "Suppose an ignorant pretender to medical skill; may he be so deceived by any stage of the complaint, as to mistake what is only a part of the progress of the disease, for death itself?"

"No one who had ever seen death," answered he, "could mistake it in a case of lock-jaw."

Barton mused for a few minutes. "I am going to ask you a question, perhaps, still more childish; but first, tell me, are not the regulations of foreign hospitals, such as that of, let us say, ———, very lax and bungling? May not all kinds of blunders and slips occur in their entries of names, and so forth?"

Doctor R—— professed his incompetence to answer that query.

"Well, then, doctor, here is the last of my questions. You will, probably, laugh at it; but it must out, nevertheless. Is there any disease, in all the range of human maladies, which would have the effect of perceptibly contracting the stature, and the whole frame—causing the man to shrink in all his proportions, and yet to preserve his exact resemblance to himself in every particular—with the one exception, his height and bulk; any disease, mark—no matter how rare—how little believed in, generally—which could possibly result in producing such an effect?"

The physician replied with a smile, and a very decided negative.

"Tell me, then," said Barton, abruptly, "if a man be in reasonable fear of assault from a lunatic who is at large, can he not procure a warrant for his arrest and detention?"

"Really, that is more a lawyer's question than one in my way," replied Doctor R——; "but I believe, on applying to a magistrate, such a course would be directed."

The physician then took his leave; but, just as he reached the hall-door, remembered that he had left his cane up stairs, and returned. His re-appearance was awkward, for a piece of paper, which he recognized as his own prescription, was slowly burning upon the fire, and Barton sitting close by with an expression of settled gloom and dismay. Doctor R—— had too much tact to appear to observe what presented itself; but he had seen quite enough to assure him that the mind, and not the body, of Captain Barton was in reality the seat of suffering.

A few days afterwards, the following advertisement appeared in the Dublin newspapers:

"If Sylvester Yelland, formerly a foremast-man on board his Majesty's frigate *Dolphin*, or his nearest of kin, will apply to Mr. Robert Smith, solicitor, at his office, Dame street, he or they may hear of

something greatly to his or their advantage. Ad mission may be had at any hour up to twelve o'clock at night, for the next fortnight, should parties desire to avoid observation; and the strictest secrecy, as to all communications intended to be confidential, shall be honorably observed."

The *Dolphin*, as I have mentioned, was the vessel which Captain Barton had commanded; and this circumstance, connected with the extraordinary exertions made by the circulation of hand-bills, &c., as well as by repeated advertisements, to secure for this strange notice the utmost possible publicity, suggested to Doctor R—— the idea that Captain Barton's extreme uneasiness was somehow connected with the individual to whom the advertisement was addressed, and he himself the author of it. This, however, it is needless to add, was no more than a conjecture. No information whatsoever, as to the real purpose of the advertisement itself, was divulged by the agent, nor yet any hint as to who his employer might be.

Mr. Barton, although he had latterly begun to earn for himself the character of a hypochondriac, was yet very far from deserving it. Though by no means lively, he had yet, naturally, what are termed "even spirits," and was not subject to undue depressions. He soon, therefore, began to return to his former habits; and one of the earliest symptoms of this healthier tone of spirits was, his appearing at a grand dinner of the free-masons, of which worthy fraternity he was himself a brother. Barton, who had been at first gloomy and abstracted, drank much more freely than was his wont—possibly with the purpose of dispelling his own secret anxieties—and under the influence of good wine, and pleasant company, became gradually (unlike his usual *self*) talkative, and even noisy. It was under this unwonted excitement that he left his company at about half-past ten o'clock; and, as conviviality is a strong incentive to gallantry, it occurred to him to proceed forthwith to Lady L——s, and pass the remainder of the evening with her and his destined bride.

Accordingly, he was soon at ——— street, and chatting gayly with the ladies. It is not to be supposed that Captain Barton had exceeded the limits which propriety prescribes to good fellowship—he had merely taken enough wine to raise his spirits, without, however, in the least degree unsteady his mind, or affecting his manners. With this undue elevation of spirits had supervened an entire oblivion or contempt of those undefined apprehensions which had for so long weighed upon his mind, and to a certain extent estranged him from society; but as the night wore away, and his artificial gayety began to flag, these painful feelings gradually intruded themselves again, and he grew abstracted and anxious as heretofore. He took his leave at length, with an unpleasant foreboding of some coming mischief, and with a mind haunted with a thousand mysterious apprehensions, such as, even while he acutely felt their pressure, he, nevertheless, inwardly strove, or effected to contain.



It was this proud defiance of what he considered as his own weakness, which prompted him upon the present occasion to that course which brought about the adventure which we are now about to relate. Mr. Barton might have easily called a coach, but he was conscious that his strong inclination to do so proceeded from no cause other than what he desperately persisted in representing to himself to be his own superstitious tremors. He might also have returned home by a route different from that against which he had been warned by his mysterious correspondent; but for the same reason he dismissed this idea also, and with a dogged and half-desperate resolution to force matters to a crisis of some kind, if there were any reality in the causes of his former suffering, and if not, satisfactorily to bring their delusiveness to the proof, he determined to follow precisely the course which he had trodden upon the night so painfully memorable in his own mind as that on which his strange persecution had commenced. Though, sooth to say, the pilot who for the first time steers his vessel under the muzzles of a hostile battery, never felt his resolution more severely tasked than did Captain Barton as he breathlessly pursued this solitary path—a path which, spite of every effort of scepticism and reason, he felt to be infested by some (as respected *him*) malignant influence.

He pursued his way steadily and rapidly, scarcely breathing from intensity of suspense; he, however, was troubled by no renewal of the dreaded footsteps, and was beginning to feel a return of confidence, as, more than three fourths of the way being accomplished with impunity, he approached the long line of twinkling oil lamps which indicated the frequented streets. This feeling of self-gratulation was, however, but momentary. The report of a musket at some two hundred yards behind him, and the whistle of a bullet close to his head, disagreeably and startlingly dispelled it. His first impulse was to retrace his steps in pursuit of the assassin; but the road on either side was, as we have said, embarrassed by the foundations of a street, beyond which extended waste fields, full of rubbish and neglected lime and brick kilns, and all now as utterly silent as though no sound had ever disturbed their dark and unsightly solitude. The futility of, single-handed, attempting, under such circumstances, a search for the murderer, was apparent, especially as no sound, either of retreating steps or otherwise, was audible to direct his pursuit.

With the tumultuous sensations of one whose life has just been exposed to a murderous attempt, and whose escape has been the narrowest possible, Captain Barton turned, and without, however, quickening his pace actually to a run, hurriedly pursued his way. He had turned, as we have said, after a pause of a few seconds, and had just commenced his rapid retreat, when on a sudden he met the well-remembered little man in the fur cap. The encounter was but momentary. The figure was walking at the same exaggerated pace, and with

the same strange air of menace as before; and as it passed him, he thought he heard it say, in a furious whisper, "Still alive!—still alive!"

The state of Mr. Barton's spirits began now to work a corresponding alteration in his health and looks, and to such a degree that it was impossible that the change should escape general remark. For some reasons, known but to himself, he took no step whatsoever to bring the attempt upon his life, which he had so narrowly escaped, under the notice of the authorities; on the contrary, he kept it jealously to himself; and it was not for many weeks after the occurrence that he mentioned it, and then in strict confidence, to a gentleman, whom the torments of his mind at last compelled him to consult.

Spite of his blue devils, however, poor Barton having no satisfactory reason to render to the public for any undue remissness in the attentions which the relation subsisting between him and Miss Montague required, was obliged to exert himself, and present to the world a confident and cheerful bearing. The true source of his sufferings, and every circumstance connected with them, he guarded with a reserve so jealous, that it seemed dictated by at least a suspicion that the origin of his strange persecution was known to himself, and that it was of a nature which, upon his own account, he could not, or dared not, disclose.

The mind thus turned in upon itself, and constantly occupied with a haunting anxiety which it dared not reveal or confide to any human breast, became daily more excited, and, of course, more vividly impressible, by a system of attack which operated through the nervous system; and in this state he was destined to sustain, with increasing frequency, the stealthy visitations of that apparition which from the first had seemed to possess so unearthly and terrible a hold upon his imagination.

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It was about this time that Captain Barton called upon the then celebrated preacher, Doctor —, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and an extraordinary conversation ensued. The divine was seated in his chambers in college, surrounded with works upon his favorite pursuit, and deep in theology, when Barton was announced. There was something at once embarrassed and excited in his manner, which, along with his wan and haggard countenance, impressed the student with the unpleasant consciousness that his visitor must have recently suffered terribly indeed, to account for an alteration so striking—almost shocking.

After the usual interchange of polite greeting, and a few common-place remarks, Captain Barton, who obviously perceived the surprise which his visit had excited, and which Doctor — was unable wholly to conceal, interrupted a brief pause by remarking—

"This is a strange call, Doctor —, perhaps scarcely warranted by an acquaintance so slight as mine with you. I should not, under ordinary circumstances, have ventured to disturb you; but my

visit is neither an idle nor impertinent intrusion. I am sure you will not so account it, when ——"

Doctor —— interrupted him with assurances such as good breeding suggested, and Barton resumed.

"I am come to task your patience by asking your advice. When I say your patience, I might, indeed, say more: I might have said you humanity—your compassion; for I have been and am a great sufferer."

"My dear sir," replied the churchman, "it will, indeed, afford me infinite gratification if I can give you comfort in any distress of mind; but—but ——"

"I know what you would say," resumed Barton, quickly, "I am an unbeliever, and, therefore, incapable of deriving help from religion; but don't take that for granted. At least, you must not assume that, however unsettled my convictions may be, I do not feel a deep—a very deep—interest in the subject. Circumstances have lately forced it upon my attention, in such a way as to compel me to review the whole question in a more candid and teachable spirit, I believe, than I ever studied it in before."

"Your difficulties, I take it for granted, refer to the evidences of revelation," suggested the clergyman.

"Why—no—yes; in fact I am ashamed to say I have not considered even my objections sufficiently to state them connectedly; but—there is one subject on which I feel a peculiar interest."

He paused again, and Doctor —— pressed him to proceed.

"The fact is," said Barton, "whatever may be my uncertainty as to the authenticity of what we are taught to call revelation, of one fact I am deeply and horribly convinced, that there does exist beyond this a spiritual world—a system whose workings are generally in mercy hidden from us—a system which may be, and which is sometimes, partially and terribly revealed. I am sure—I know," continued Barton, with increasing excitement, "that there is a God—a dreadful God—and that retribution follows guilt. In ways the most mysterious and stupendous—by agencies the most inexplicable and terrific—there is a spiritual system—great God, how frightfully I have been convinced!—a system malignant, and implacable, and omnipotent, under whose persecutions I am, and have been, suffering the torments of the damned!—yes, sir—yes—the fires and frenzy of hell!"

As Barton spoke, his agitation became so vehement that the divine was shocked, and even alarmed. The wild and excited rapidity with which he spoke, and, above all, the indefinable horror which stamped his features, afforded a contrast to his ordinary cool and unimpassioned self-possession striking and painful in the last degree.

"My dear sir," said Doctor ——, after a brief pause, "I fear you have been suffering much, indeed; but I venture to predict that the depression under which you labor will be found to originate in purely physical causes, and that with a

change of air, and the aid of a few tonics, your spirits will return, and the tone of your mind be once more cheerful and tranquil as heretofore. There was, after all, more truth than we are quite willing to admit in the classic theories which assigned the undue predominance of any one affection of the mind, to the undue action or torpidity of one or other of our bodily organs. Believe me, that a little attention to diet, exercise, and the other essentials of health, under competent direction, will make you as much yourself as you can wish."

"Doctor ——," said Barton, with something like a shudder, "I cannot delude myself with such a hope. I have no hope to cling to but one, and that is, that by some other spiritual agency more potent than that which tortures me, it may be combated, and I delivered. If this may not be, I am lost—now and forever lost."

"But, Mr. Barton, you must remember," urged his companion, "that others have suffered as you have done, and ——"

"No, no, no," interrupted he, with irritability—"no, sir, I am not a credulous—far from a superstitious man. I have been, perhaps, too much the reverse—too sceptical, too slow of belief; but unless I were one whom no amount of evidence could convince, unless I were to condemn the repeated, the *perpetual* evidence of my own senses, I am now—now at last constrained to believe—I have no escape from the conviction—the overwhelming certainty—that I am haunted and dogged, go where I may, by—by a DEMON!"

There was an almost preternatural energy of horror in Barton's face, as, with its damp and death-like lineaments turned towards his companion, he thus delivered himself.

"God help you, my poor friend," said Doctor ——, much shocked—"God help you; for, indeed, you *are* a sufferer, however your sufferings may have been caused."

"Ay, ay, God help me," echoed Barton, sternly; "but *will* he help me—will he help me?"

"Pray to him—pray in an humble and trusting spirit," said he.

"Pray, pray," echoed he again; "I can't pray—I could as easily move a mountain by an effort of my will. I have not belief enough to pray; there is something within me that will not pray. You prescribe impossibilities—literal impossibilities."

"You will not find it so, if you will but try," said Doctor ——.

"Try!—I *have* tried, and the attempt only fills me with confusion and terror; I have tried in vain, and more than in vain. The awful, unutterable idea of eternity and infinity oppresses and maddens my brain whenever my mind approaches the contemplation of the Creator; I recoil from the effort scared, confounded, terrified. I tell you, Doctor ——, if I am to be saved, it must be by other means. The idea of the Creator is to me intolerable—my mind cannot support it."

"Say, then, my dear sir," urged he—"say how you would have me serve you—what you

would learn of me—what I can do or say to relieve you?"

"Listen to me first," replied Captain Barton, with a subdued air, and an evident effort to suppress his excitement—"listen to me while I detail the circumstances of the terrible persecution under which my life has become all but intolerable—a persecution which has made me fear *death* and the world beyond the grave as much as I have grown to hate existence."

Barton then proceeded to relate the circumstances which we have already detailed, and then continued—

"This has now become habitual—an accustomed thing. I do not mean the actual seeing him in the flesh—thank God, *that* at least is not permitted daily. Thank God, from the unutterable horrors of that visitation I have been mercifully allowed intervals of repose, though none of security; but from the consciousness that a malignant spirit is following and watching me wherever I go, I have never, for a single instant, a temporary respite. I am pursued with blasphemies, cries of despair and appalling hatred. I hear those dreadful sounds called after me as I turn the corners of streets; they come in the night-time, while I sit in my chamber alone; they haunt me everywhere, charging me with hideous crimes, and—great God!—threatening me with coming vengeance and eternal misery. Hush!—do you hear *that*!" he cried with a horrible smile of triumph; "there—there, will that convince you?"

The clergyman felt the chillness of horror irresistibly steal over him, while, during the wail of a sudden gust of wind, he heard, or fancied he heard, the half-articulate sounds of rage and derision mingling in the sough.

"Well, what do you think of *that*?" at length Barton cried, drawing a long breath through his teeth.

"I heard the wind," said Doctor—. "What should I think of it—what is there remarkable about it?"

"The prince of the powers of the air," muttered Barton, with a shudder.

"Tut, tut! my dear sir," said the student, with an effort to reassure himself; for though it was broad day-light, there was nevertheless something disagreeably contagious in the nervous excitement under which his visitor so obviously suffered. "You must not give way to those wild fancies; you must resist these impulses of the imagination."

"Ay, ay; 'resist the devil and he will flee from thee,'" said Barton, in the same tone; "but *how* resist him? ay, there it is—there is the rub. What—*what* am I to do? what *can* I do?"

"My dear sir, this is fancy," said the man of folios; "you are your own tormentor."

"No, no, sir—fancy has no part in it," answered Barton, somewhat sternly. "Fancy, forsooth! Was it that made *you*, as well as me, hear, but this moment, those appalling accents of hell! Fancy, indeed! No, no."

"But you have seen this person frequently," said the ecclesiastic;—"why have you not accosted or secured him? Is it not somewhat precipitate, to say no more, to assume, as you have done, the existence of preternatural agency, when, after all, everything may be easily accountable, if only proper means were taken to sift the matter?"

"There are circumstances connected with this—this *appearance*," said Barton, "which it were needless to disclose, but which to *me* are proof of its horrible and unearthly nature. I know that the being who haunts me is not *man*—I say I *know* this; I could prove it to your own conviction." He paused for a minute, and then added, "And as to accosting it, I dare not, I could not; when I see it I am powerless; I stand in the gaze of death, in the triumphant presence of preterhuman power and malignity. My strength, and faculties, and memory, all forsake me. O God, I fear, sir, you know not what you speak of. Mercy, mercy; Heaven have pity on me!"

He leaned his elbow on the table, and passed his hand across his eyes, as if to exclude some image of horror, muttering the last words of the sentence he had just concluded, again and again.

"Doctor —," he said, abruptly raising himself, and looking full upon the clergyman with an imploring eye, "I know you will do for me whatever may be done. You know now fully the circumstances and the nature of the mysterious agency of which I am the victim. I tell you I cannot help myself; I cannot hope to escape; I am utterly passive. I conjure you, then, to weigh my case well, and if anything may be done for me by vicarious supplication—by the intercession of the good—or by any aid or influence whatsoever, I implore of you, I adjure you in the name of the Most High, give me the benefit of that influence—deliver me from the body of this death. Strive for me, pity me; I know you will; you cannot refuse this; it is the purpose and object of my visit. Send me away with some hope, however little, some faint hope of ultimate deliverance, and I will nerve myself to endure, from hour to hour, the hideous dream into which my existence has been transformed."

Doctor — assured him that all he could do was to pray earnestly for him, and that so much he would not fail to do. They parted with a hurried and melancholy valediction. Barton hastened to the carriage, which awaited him at the door, drew the blinds, and drove away, while Doctor — returned to his chamber, to ruminate at leisure upon the strange interview which had just interrupted his studies.

It was not to be expected that Captain Barton's changed and eccentric habits should long escape remark and discussion. Various were the theories suggested to account for it. Some attributed the alteration to the pressure of secret pecuniary embarrassments; others to a repugnance to fulfil an engagement into which he was presumed to have too precipitately entered; and others, again, to the



supposed incipency of mental disease, which latter, indeed, was the most plausible, as well as the most generally received, of the hypotheses circulated in the gossip of the day.

From the very commencement of this change, at first so gradual in its advances, Miss Montague had of course been aware of it. The intimacy involved in their peculiar relation, as well as the near interest which it inspired, afforded, in her case, a like opportunity and motive for the successful exercise of that keen and penetrating observation peculiar to the sex. His visits became, at length, so interrupted, and his manner, while they lasted, so abstracted, strange, and agitated, that Lady L——, after hinting her anxiety and her suspicions more than once, at length distinctly stated her anxiety, and pressed for an explanation. The explanation was given, and although its nature at first relieved the worst solicitudes of the old lady and her niece, yet the circumstances which attended it, and the really dreadful consequences which it obviously indicated, as regarded the spirits, and indeed the reason, of the now wretched man, who made the strange declaration, were enough, upon a little reflection, to fill their minds with perturbation and alarm.

General Montague, the young lady's father, at length arrived. He had himself slightly known Barton, some ten or twelve years previously, and being aware of his fortune and connections, was disposed to regard him as an unexceptionable and indeed a most desirable match for his daughter. He laughed at the story of Barton's supernatural visitations, and lost not a moment in calling upon his intended son-in-law.

"My dear Barton," he continued, gayly, after a little conversation, "my sister tells me that you are a victim to blue devils, in quite a new and original shape."

Barton changed countenance, and sighed profoundly.

"Come, come; I protest this will never do," continued the general; "you are more like a man on his way to the gallows than to the altar. These devils have made quite a saint of you."

Barton made an effort to change the conversation.

"No, no, it won't do," said his visitor, laughing; "I am resolved to say out what I have to say upon this magnificent mock mystery of yours. Come, you must not be angry, but really it is too bad to see you, at your time of life, absolutely frightened into good behavior, like a naughty child, by a bugaboo, and as far as I can learn, a very particularly contemptible one. Seriously, though, my dear Barton, I have been a good deal annoyed at what they tell me; but, at the same time, thoroughly convinced that there is nothing in the matter that may not be cleared up, with just a little attention and management, within a week at furthest."

"Ah, general, you do not know"—he began.

"Yes, but I do know quite enough to warrant my confidence," interrupted the soldier; "don't

I know that all your annoyance proceeds from the occasional appearance of a certain little man in a cap and great-coat, with a red vest and a bad face who follows you about, and pops upon you at the corners of lanes, and throws you into ague fits. Now, my dear fellow, I'll make it my business to catch this mischievous little mountebank, and either beat him into a jelly with my own hands, or have him whipped through the town, at the cart's-tail, before a month passes."

"If you knew what I know," said Barton, with gloomy agitation, "you would speak very differently. Don't imagine that I am so weak and foolish as to assume, without proof the most overwhelming, the conclusion to which I have been forced—the proofs are here, locked up here." As he spoke he tapped upon his breast, and with an anxious sigh continued to walk up and down the room.

"Well, well, Barton," said his visitor, "I'll wager a rump and dozen I collar the ghost, and convince yourself before many days are over."

He was running on in the same strain when he was suddenly arrested, and not a little shocked, by observing Barton, who had approached the window, stagger slowly back, like one who had received a stunning blow; his arm extended toward the street—his face and his very lips white as ashes—while he muttered, "There—there—there!"

General Montague started mechanically to his feet, and, from the window of the drawing-room, saw a figure corresponding, as well as his hurry would permit him to discern, with the description of the person, whose appearance so constantly and dreadfully disturbed the repose of his friend. The figure was just turning from the rails of the area upon which it had been leaning, and, without waiting to see more, the old gentleman snatched his cane and hat, and rushed down the stairs and into the street, in the furious hope of securing the person, and punishing the audacity, of the mysterious stranger. He looked around him, but in vain, for any trace of the form he had himself distinctly beheld. He ran breathlessly to the nearest corner, expecting to see from thence the retreating figure, but no such form was visible. Back and forward, from crossing to crossing, he ran, at fault, and it was not until the curious gaze and laughing countenances of the passers-by reminded him of the absurdity of his pursuit, that he checked his hurried pace, lowered his walking-cane from the menacing altitude which he had mechanically given it, adjusted his hat, and walked composedly back again, inwardly vexed and flurried. He found Barton pale and trembling in every joint; they both remained silent, though under emotions very different. At last Barton whispered, "You saw it?"

"It?—him—some one—you mean—to be sure I did," replied Montague, testily. "But where is the good or the harm of seeing him? The fellow runs like a lamp-lighter. I wanted to catch him, but he had stolen away before I could reach

the hall-door. However, it is no great matter; next time, I dare say, I'll do better; and egad, if I once come within reach of him, I'll introduce his shoulders to the weight of my cane, in a way to make him cry *peccavi*."

Notwithstanding General Montague's undertakings and exhortations, however, Barton continued to suffer from the self-same unexplained cause; go how, when, or where he would, he was still constantly dogged or confronted by the hateful being who had established over him so dreadful and mysterious an influence; nowhere and at no time was he secure against the odious appearance which haunted him with such diabolic perseverance. His depression, misery, and excitement became more settled and alarming every day, and the mental agonies that ceaselessly preyed upon him, began at last so sensibly to affect his health, that Lady L—— and General Montague succeeded, without, indeed, much difficulty, in persuading him to try a short tour on the continent, in the hope that an entire change of scene would, at all events, have the effect of breaking through the influences of local association, which the more sceptical of his friends assumed to be by no means inoperative in suggesting and perpetuating what they conceived to be a mere form of nervous illusion. General Montague, indeed, was persuaded that the figure which haunted his intended son-in-law was by no means the creation of his own imagination, but, on the contrary, a substantial form of flesh and blood, animated by a spiteful and obstinate resolution, perhaps with some murderous object in perspective, to watch and follow the unfortunate gentleman. Even this hypothesis was not a very pleasant one; yet it was plain that if Barton could ever be convinced that there was nothing preternatural in the phenomenon which he had hitherto regarded in that light, the affair would lose all its terrors in his eyes, and wholly cease to exercise upon his health and spirits the baleful influence which it had hitherto done. He therefore reasoned, that if the annoyance were actually escaped by mere locomotion and change of scene, it obviously could not have originated in any supernatural agency.

Yielding to their persuasions, Barton left Dublin for England, accompanied by General Montague. They posted rapidly to London, and thence to Dover, whence they took the packet with a fair wind for Calais. The general's confidence in the result of the expedition on Barton's spirits had risen day by day, since their departure from the shores of Ireland; for, to the inexpressible relief and delight of the latter, he had not, since then, so much as even once fancied a repetition of those impressions which had, when at home, drawn him gradually down to the very depths of horror and despair. This exemption from what he had begun to regard as the inevitable condition of his existence, and the sense of security which began to pervade his mind, were inexpressibly delightful; and in the exultation of what he considered his deliverance, he indulged in a thousand happy an-

ticipations for a future into which so lately he had hardly dared to look; and in short, both he and his companion secretly congratulated themselves upon the termination of that persecution which had been to its immediate victim a source of such unspeakable agony.

It was a beautiful day, and a crowd of idlers stood upon the jetty to receive the packet, and enjoy the bustle of the new arrivals. Montague walked a few paces in advance of his friend, and as he made his way through the crowd, a little man touched his arm, and said to him, in a broad provincial *patois*—

"Monsieur is walking too fast; he will lose his sick comrade in the throng, for, by my faith, the poor gentleman seems to be fainting."

Montague turned quickly, and observed that Barton did indeed look deadly pale. He hastened to his side.

"My dear fellow, are you ill?" he asked anxiously.

The question was unheeded and twice repeated, ere Barton stammered—

"I saw him—by ——, I saw him!"

"*Him!* the—the wretch—who—where—when did you see him—where is he?" cried Montague, looking around him.

"I saw him—but he is gone," repeated Barton, faintly.

"But where—where! For God's sake, speak," urged Montague, vehemently.

"It is but this moment—*here*," said he.

"But what did he look like—what had he on—what did he wear—quick, quick," urged his excited companion, ready to dart among the crowd, and collar the delinquent on the spot.

"He touched your arm—he spoke to you—he pointed to me. God be merciful to me, there is no escape," said Barton, in the low, subdued tones of intense despair.

Montague had already hustled away in all the flurry of mingled hope and indignation; but though the singular *personnel* of the stranger who had accosted him was vividly and perfectly impressed upon his recollection, he failed to discover among the crowd even the slightest resemblance to him. After a fruitless search, in which he enlisted the services of several of the bystanders, who aided all the more zealously, as they believed he had been robbed, he at length, out of breath and baffled, gave up the attempt.

"Ah, my friend, it won't do," said Barton, with the faint voice and bewildered, ghastly look of one who has been stunned by some mortal shock; "there is no use in contending with it; whatever it is, the dreadful association between me and it is now established—I shall never escape—never, never!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, my dear fellow; don't talk so," said Montague, with something at once of irritation and dismay; "you must not, I say; we'll jockey the scoundrel yet; never mind, I say—never mind."

It was however, but lost labor to endeavor

henceforward to inspire Barton with one ray of hope; he became utterly desponding. This intangible, and, as it seemed, utterly inadequate influence was fast destroying his energies of intellect, character, and health. His first object was now to return to Ireland, there, as he believed, and now almost hoped, speedily to die.

To Ireland accordingly he came, and one of the first faces he saw upon the shore was again that of his implacable and dreaded persecutor. Barton seemed at last to have lost not only all enjoyment and every hope in existence, but all independence of will besides. He now submitted himself passively to the management of the friends most nearly interested in his welfare. With the apathy of entire despair, he implicitly assented to whatever measures they suggested and advised; and as a last resource, it was determined to remove him to a house of Lady L——'s, in the neighborhood of Clontarf, where, with the advice of his medical attendant, who persisted in his opinion that the whole train of consequences resulted merely from some nervous derangement, it was resolved, that he was to confine himself strictly to the house and to make use only of those apartments which commanded a view of an enclosed yard, the gates of which were to be kept jealously locked. Those precautions would certainly secure him against the casual appearance of any living form, which his excited imagination might possibly confound with the spectre which, as it was contended, his fancy recognized in every figure which bore even a distant or general resemblance to the traits with which he had at first invested it. A month or six weeks' absolute seclusion under these conditions, it was hoped might, by interrupting the series of these terrible impressions, gradually dispel the predisposing apprehensions, and effectually break up the associations which had confirmed the supposed disease, and rendered recovery hopeless. Cheerful society and that of his friends was to be constantly supplied, and on the whole, very sanguine expectations were indulged in, to the effect that under the treatment thus detailed, the obstinate hypochondria of the patient might at length give way.

Accompanied, therefore, by Lady L——, General Montague and his daughter—his own affianced bride—poor Barton—himself never daring to cherish a hope of his ultimate emancipation from the strange horrors under which his life was literally wasting away—took possession of the apartments, whose situation protected him against the dreadful intrusions, from which he shrunk with such unutterable terror.

After a little time, a steady persistence in this system began to manifest its results in a very marked though gradual improvement, alike in the health and spirits of the invalid. Not, indeed, that anything at all approaching to complete recovery was yet discernible. On the contrary, to those who had not seen him since the commencement of his strange sufferings, such an alteration would have been apparent as might well

have shocked them. The improvement, however, such as it was, was welcomed with gratitude and delight, especially by the poor young lady, whom her attachment to him, as well as her now singularly painful position, consequent on his mysterious and protracted illness, rendered an object of pity scarcely one degree less to be commiserated than himself.

A week passed—a fortnight—a month—and yet no recurrence of the hated visitation had agitated and terrified him as usual. The treatment had, so far forth, been followed by complete success. The chain of associations had been broken. The constant pressure upon the overtaken spirits had been removed, and, under these comparatively favorable circumstances, the sense of social community with the world about him, and something of human interest, if not of enjoyment, began to reanimate his mind.

It was about this time that Lady L——, who, like most old ladies of the day, was deep in family receipts, and a great pretender to medical science, being engaged in the concoction of certain unpalatable mixtures, of marvellous virtue, dispatched her own maid to the kitchen garden, with a list of herbs, which were there to be carefully culled, and brought back to her for the purpose stated. The handmaiden, however, returned with her task scarce half completed, and a good deal flurried and alarmed. Her mode of accounting for her precipitate retreat and evident agitation was odd, and, to the old lady, unpleasantly startling.

It appeared that she had repaired to the kitchen garden, pursuant to her mistress' directions, and had there begun to make the specified selection among the rank and neglected herbs which crowded one corner of the enclosure, and while engaged in this pleasant labor, she carelessly sang a fragment of an old song, as she said, "to keep herself company." She was, however, interrupted by an ill-natured laugh; and, looking up she saw through the old thorn hedge, which surrounded the garden, a singularly ill-looking little man, whose countenance wore the stamp of menace and malignity, standing close to her, at the other side of the hawthorn screen. She described herself as utterly unable to move or speak, while he charged her with a message for Captain Barton; the substance of which she distinctly remembered to have been to the effect, that he, Captain Barton, must come abroad as usual, and show himself to his friends, out of doors, or else prepare for a visit in his own chamber. On concluding this brief message, the stranger had, with a threatening air, got down into the outer ditch, and, seizing the hawthorn stems in his hands, seemed on the point of climbing through the fence—a feat which might have been accomplished without much difficulty. Without, of course, awaiting this result, the girl—throwing down her treasures of thyme and rosemary—had turned and ran, with the swiftness of terror, to the house. Lady L—— commanded her, on pain of instant dismissal, to observe an absolute silence respecting all that passed of the in-



incident which related to Captain Barton; and, at the same time, directed instant search to be made by her men, in the garden and the fields adjacent. This measure, however, was attended with the usual unsuccess, and, filled with fearful and undefinable misgivings, Lady L—— communicated the incident to her brother. The story, however, until long afterwards, went no further, and, of course, it was jealously guarded from Barton, who continued to amend, though slowly and imperfectly.

Barton now began to walk occasionally in the court-yard which we have mentioned, and which being surrounded by a high wall, commanded no view beyond its own extent. Here he, therefore, considered himself perfectly secure; and, but for a careless violation of orders by one of the grooms, he might have enjoyed, at least for some time longer, his much-prized immunity. Opening upon the public road, this yard was entered by a wooden gate, with a wicket in it, and which was further defended by an iron gate upon the outside. Strict orders had been given to keep them carefully locked; but, spite of these, it had happened that one day, as Barton was slowly pacing this narrow enclosure, in his accustomed walk, and reaching the further extremity, was turning to retrace his steps, he saw the boarded wicket ajar, and the face of his tormentor immovably looking at him through the iron bars. For a few seconds he stood rivetted to the earth—breathless and bloodless—in the fascination of that dreaded gaze, and then fell helplessly and insensibly upon the pavement.

There he was found a few minutes afterwards, and conveyed to his room—the apartment which he was never afterwards to leave alive. Henceforward a marked and unaccountable change was observable in the tone of his mind. Captain Barton was now no longer the excited and despairing man he had been before; a strange alteration had passed upon him—an unearthly tranquillity reigned in his mind—it was the anticipated stillness of the grave.

"Montague, my friend, this struggle is nearly ended now," he said, tranquilly, but with a look of fixed and fearful awe. "I have, at last, some comfort from that world of spirits, from which my punishment has come; I now know that my sufferings will soon be over."

Montague pressed him to speak on.

"Yes," said he, in a softened voice, "my punishment is nearly ended. From sorrow, perhaps, I shall never, in time or eternity, escape; but my *agony* is almost over. Comfort has been revealed to me, and what remains of my allotted struggle I will bear with submission—even with hope."

"I am glad to hear you speak so tranquilly, my dear fellow," said Montague; "peace and cheer of mind are all you need to make you what you were."

"No, no—I never can be that," said he, mournfully. "I am no longer fit for life. I am soon to die: I do not shrink from death as I did. I am to see *him* but once again, and then all is ended."

"He said so, then?" suggested Montague.

"He?—No, no: good tidings could scarcely come through him; and these were good and welcome; and they came so solemnly and sweetly—with unutterable love and melancholy, such as I could not—without saying more than is needful, or fitting, of other long-past scenes and persons—fully explain to you." As Barton said this he shed tears.

"Come, come," said Montague, mistaking the source of his emotions, "you must not give way. What is it, after all, but a pack of dreams and nonsense; or, at worst, the practices of a scheming rascal that enjoys his power of playing upon your nerves, and loves to exert it—a sneaking vagabond that owes you a grudge, and pays it off in this way, not daring to try a more manly one."

"A grudge, indeed, he owes me—you say rightly," said Barton, with a sudden shudder; "a grudge, as you call it. Oh, my God! when the justice of Heaven permits the evil one to carry out a scheme of vengeance—when its execution is committed to the lost and terrible victim of sin, who owes his own ruin to the man, the very man, whom he is commissioned to pursue—then, indeed, the torments and terrors of hell are anticipated on earth. But Heaven has dealt mercifully with me—hope has opened to me at last; and if death could come without the dreadful sight I am doomed to see, I would gladly close my eyes this moment upon the world. But though death is welcome, I shrink with an agony you cannot understand—a maddening agony, an actual frenzy of terror—from the last encounter with that—that demon, who has drawn me thus to the verge of the chasm, and who is himself to plunge me down. I am to see him again—once more—but under circumstances unutterably more terrific than ever."

As Barton thus spoke, he trembled so violently that Montague was really alarmed at the extremity of his sudden agitation, and hastened to lead him back to the topic which had before seemed to exert so tranquillizing an effect upon his mind.

"It was not a dream," he said, after a time; "I was in a different state—I felt differently and strangely; and yet it was all as real, as clear, and vivid, as what I now see and hear—it was a reality."

"And what *did* you see and hear?" urged his companion.

"When I awakened from the swoon I fell into on seeing *him*," said Barton, continuing as if he had not heard the question, "it was slowly, very slowly—I was reclining by the margin of a broad lake, with misty hills all round, and a soft, melancholy, rose-colored light illuminated it all. It was unusually sad and lonely, and yet more beautiful than any earthly scene. My head was leaning on the lap of a girl, and she was singing a strange and wondrous song, that told, I know not how—whether by words or harmonies—of all my life—all that is past, and all that is still to come; and with the song the old feelings that I thought had perished within me came back, and tears flowed

from my eyes—partly for the song and its mysterious beauty, and partly for the unearthly sweetness of her voice; and yet I knew the voice—oh! how well; and I was spell-bound as I listened and looked at the strange and solitary scene, without stirring, almost without breathing—and, alas! alas! without turning my eyes toward the face that I knew was near me, so sweetly powerful was the enchantment that held me. And so, slowly and softly, the song and scene grew fainter, and ever fainter, to my senses, till all was dark and still again. And then I awakened to this world, as you saw, comforted, for I knew that I was forgiven much.” Barton wept again long and bitterly.

From this time, as we have said, the prevailing tone of his mind was one of profound and tranquil melancholy. This, however, was not without its interruptions. He was thoroughly impressed with the conviction that he was to experience another and a final visitation, illimitably transcending in horror all he had before experienced. From this anticipated and unknown agony, he often shrunk in such paroxysms of abject terror and distraction, as filled the whole household with dismay and superstitious panic. Even those among them who affected to discredit the supposition of preternatural agency in the matter, were often in their secret souls visited during the darkness and solitude of night with qualms and apprehensions, which they would not have readily confessed; and none of them attempted to dissuade Barton from the resolution on which he now systematically acted, of shutting himself up in his own apartment. The window-blinds of this room were kept jealously down; and his own man was seldom out of his presence, day or night, his bed being placed in the same chamber.

This man was an attached and respectable servant; and his duties, in addition to those ordinarily imposed upon *valets*, but which Barton's independent habits generally dispensed with, were to attend carefully to the simple precautions by means of which his master hoped to exclude the dreaded recurrence of the “*Watcher*,” as the strange letter he had at first received had designated his persecutor. And, in addition to attending to these arrangements, which consisted merely in anticipating the possibility of his master's being, through any unscreened window or open door, exposed to the dreaded influence, the valet was never to suffer him to be for one moment alone—total solitude, even for a minute, had become to him now almost as intolerable as the idea of going abroad into the public ways—it was like some instinctive anticipation of what was coming.

It is needless to say, that under these mysterious and horrible circumstances, no steps were taken toward the fulfilment of that engagement into which he had entered. There was quite disparity enough in point of years, and indeed of habits, between the young lady and Captain Barton, to have precluded anything like very vehement or romantic attachment on her part. Though grieved and anxious, therefore, she was very far from being

heart-broken; a circumstance which, for the sentimental purposes of our tale, is much to be deplored. But truth must be told, especially in a narration, whose chief, if not only, pretensions to interest consist in a rigid adherence to facts, or what are so reported to have been.

Miss Montague, however, devoted much of her time to a patient but fruitless attempt to cheer the unhappy invalid. She read for him, and conversed with him; but it was apparent that whatever exertions he made, the endeavor to escape from the one constant and ever-present fear that preyed upon him, was utterly and miserably unavailing.

Young ladies are much given to the cultivation of pets; and among those who shared the favor of Miss Montague was a fine old owl, which the gardener, who caught him napping among the ivy of a ruined stable, had dutifully presented to that young lady.

The caprice which regulates such preferences was manifested in the extravagant favor with which this grim and ill-favored bird was at once distinguished by his mistress; and, trifling as this whimsical circumstance may seem, I am forced to mention it, inasmuch as it is connected, oddly enough, with the concluding scene of the story. Barton, so far from sharing in this liking for the new favorite, regarded it from the first with an antipathy as violent as it was utterly unaccountable. Its very vicinity was unsupportable to him. He seemed to hate and dread it with a vehemence absolutely laughable, and which, to those who have never witnessed the exhibition of antipathies of this kind, would seem all but incredible.

With these few words of preliminary explanation, I shall proceed to state the particulars of the last scene in this strange series of incidents. It was almost two o'clock one winter's night, and Barton was, as usual at that hour, in his bed; the servant we have mentioned occupied a smaller bed in the same room, and a light was burning. The man was on a sudden aroused by his master, who said—

“I can't get it out of my head that that accursed bird has got out somehow, and is lurking in some corner of the room. I have been dreaming of him. Get up, Smith, and look about; search for him. Such hateful dreams!”

The servant rose, and examined the chamber, and while engaged in so doing, he heard the well-known sound, more like a long-drawn gasp than a hiss, with which these birds from their secret haunts affright the quiet of the night. This ghostly indication of its proximity—for the sound proceeded from the passage upon which Barton's chamber-door opened—determined the search of the servant, who, opening the door, proceeded a step or two forward for the purpose of driving the bird away. He had, however, hardly entered the lobby, when the door behind him slowly swung to under the impulse, as it seemed, of some gentle current of air; but as immediately over the door there was a kind of window, intended in the daytime to aid in lighting the passage, and through

which at present the rays of the candle were issuing, the valet could see quite enough for his purpose. As he advanced he heard his master—who, lying in a well-curtained bed, had not, as it seemed, perceived his exit from the room—call him by name, and direct him to place the candle on the table by his bed. The servant, who was now some way in the long passage, and not liking to raise his voice for the purpose of replying, lest he should startle the sleeping inmates of the house, began to walk hurriedly and softly back again, when, to his amazement, he heard a voice in the interior of the chamber answering calmly, and actually saw, through the window which overtopped the door, that the light was slowly shifting, as if carried across the chamber in answer to his master's call. Palsied by a feeling akin to terror, yet not unmingled with a horrible curiosity, he stood breathless and listening at the threshold, unable to summon resolution to push open the door and enter. Then came a rustling of the curtains, and a sound like that of one who in a low voice hushes a child to rest, in the midst of which he heard Barton say, in a tone of stifled horror—"Oh, God—oh, my God!" and repeat the same exclamation several times. Then ensued a silence, which again was broken by the same strange soothing sound; and at last there burst forth, in one swelling peal, a yell of agony so appalling and hideous, that, under some impulse of ungovernable horror, the man rushed to the door, and with his whole strength strove to force it open. Whether it was that, in his agitation, he had himself but imperfectly turned the handle, or that the door was really secured upon the inside, he failed to effect an entrance; and as he tugged and pushed, yell after yell rang louder and wilder through the chamber, accompanied all the while by the same hushed sounds. Actually freezing with terror, and scarce knowing what he did, the man turned and ran down the passage, wringing his hands in the extremity of horror and irresolution. At the stair-head he was encountered by General Montague, scared and eager, and just as they met the fearful sounds had ceased.

"What is it?—who—where is your master?" said Montague with the incoherence of extreme agitation. "Has anything—for God's sake, is anything wrong?"

"Lord have mercy on us, it's all over," said the man, staring wildly toward his master's chamber. "He's dead, sir—I'm sure he's dead."

Without waiting for inquiry or explanation, Montague, closely followed by the servant, hurried to the chamber-door, turned the handle, and pushed it open. As the door yielded to his pressure, the ill-omened bird, of which the servant had been in search, uttering its spectral warning, started suddenly from the far side of the bed, and flying through the door-way close over their heads, and extinguishing, in his passage, the candle which Montague carried, crashed through the skylight that overlooked the lobby, and sailed away into the darkness of the outer space.

"There it is, God bless us," whispered the man, after a breathless pause.

"Curse that bird," muttered the general, startled by the suddenness of the apparition, and unable to conceal his discomposure.

"The candle is moved," said the man, after another breathless pause; "see, they put it by the bed."

"Draw the curtains, fellow, and don't stand gaping there," whispered Montague, sternly.

The man hesitated.

"Hold this, then," said Montague, impatiently thrusting the candlestick into the servant's hand, and himself advancing to the bed-side, he drew the curtains apart. The light of the candle, which was still burning at the bed-side, fell upon a figure huddled together, and half upright, at the head of the bed. It seemed as though it had slunk back as far as the solid panelling would allow, and the hands were still clutched in the bed-clothes.

"Barton, Barton, Barton!" cried the general, with a strange mixture of awe and vehemence. He took the candle, and held it so that it shone full upon the face. The features were fixed, stern, and white; the jaw was fallen; and the sightless eyes, still open, gazed vacantly forward toward the front of the bed. "God Almighty, he's dead," muttered the general, as he looked upon this fearful spectacle. They both continued to gaze upon it in silence for a minute or more. "And cold, too," whispered Montague, withdrawing his hand from that of the dead man.

"And see, see—may I never have life, sir," added the man, after another pause, with a shudder, "but there was something else on the bed with him. Look there—look there—see that, sir."

As the man thus spoke, he pointed to a deep indenture, as if caused by a heavy pressure, near the foot of the bed.

Montague was silent.

"Come, sir, come away, for God's sake," whispered the man, drawing close up to him, and holding fast by his arm, while he glanced fearfully round; "what good can be done here now—come away, for God's sake!"

At this moment they heard the steps of more than one approaching, and Montague, hastily desiring the servant to arrest their progress, endeavored to loose the rigid gripe with which the fingers of the dead man were clutched in the bed-clothes, and drew, as well as he was able, the awful figure into a reclining posture; then closing the curtains carefully upon it, he hastened himself to meet those persons that were approaching.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is needless to follow the personages so slightly connected with this narrative, into the events of their after life; it is enough for us to remark, that no clue to the solution of these mysterious occurrences was ever after discovered; and so long an interval having now passed since the event which we have just described concluded this



strange history, it is scarcely to be expected that time can throw any new lights upon its dark and inexplicable outline. Until the secrets of the earth shall be no longer hidden, therefore, these transactions must remain shrouded in their original impenetrable obscurity.

The only occurrence in Captain Barton's former life to which reference was ever made, as having any possible connection with the sufferings with which his existence closed, and which he himself seemed to regard as working out a retribution for some grievous sin of his past life, was a circumstance which not for several years after his death was brought to light. The nature of this disclosure was painful to his relatives, and discreditable to his memory. As, however, we have exercised the caution of employing fictitious names, and as there are now very few living who will be able to refer to the actors in this drama, their *real* names and places in society, there is nothing to prevent our stating, in two or three lines, the substance of this discovery.

It appeared, then, that some six years before Captain Barton's final return to Dublin, he had formed, in the town of Plymouth, a guilty attachment, the object of which was the daughter of one of the ship's crew under his command. The father had visited the frailty of his unhappy child with extreme harshness, and even brutality, and it was said that she had died heart-broken. Presuming upon Barton's implication in her guilt, this man had conducted himself toward him with marked insolence, and Barton retaliated this, and what he resented with still more exasperated bitterness—his treatment of the unfortunate girl—by a systematic exercise of those terrible and arbitrary severities which the regulations of the navy place at the command of those who are responsible for its discipline. The man had at length made his escape, while the vessel was in port at Lisbon, but died, as it was said, in an hospital in that town, of the wounds inflicted in one of his recent and sanguinary punishments.

Whether these circumstances in reality bear, or not, upon the occurrences of Barton's after-life, it is, of course, impossible to say. It seems, however, more than probable that they were, at least in his own mind, closely associated with them. But however the truth may be, as to the origin and motives of this mysterious persecution, there can be no doubt that, with respect to the agencies by which it was accomplished, absolute and impenetrable mystery is like to prevail until the day of doom.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### AN UNPUBLISHED FRENCH NOVEL.

In the year 1843, a fancy fair was held at Paris, for the benefit of the sufferers by an earthquake in the island of Guadaloupe. The patronage of the Queen of the French, added to the strong sympathy awakened by the catastrophe, filled the bazaar with a gay throng, delighted to

combine amusement with charity, and to chaffer for baubles with aristocratic sales-women. Amidst the multitude of tasteful trifles, exposed for sale was a contribution from Queen Marie Amélie—fifty books, printed at the royal press and elegantly bound. They were fifty copies of a volume containing three charming tales, and soon it was whispered that no others had been printed, and that the author was a lady of rank, distinguished for grace and wit, but whose literary talents were previously unknown, save to a limited circle of discreet and admiring friends. At the queen's request, and at the voice of pity, pleading for the unfortunates of Point-à-Pitre, she had sanctioned the printing of fifty copies; these taken, the types had been broken up. Such rumors were more than sufficient to stimulate curiosity, and raise the value of the volume. Everybody knows that an author's title often sells a stupid book; should any doubt it, we refer them to our friends Puff and Co.; how much greater the attraction when the book is a clever one, written by a countess, printed by a sovereign's command, and at a royal press. The market rose instantly. Sixty francs, eighty francs, five napoleons, were freely given; how much higher competition raised the price, we cannot say; but we are credibly informed the improvement did not stop there.

The editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was not the last to hear the history of the volume. He procured a copy, and esteeming it unjust to reserve for a few what was meant for mankind, by limiting the produce of so graceful a pen to the narrow circulation of fifty copies—he laid violent hands upon one of the tales, and reprinted it in his excellent and widely-circulated periodical. Although literally a day after the fair, it was not the less acceptable and successful. The tale, whose title is "Resignation," was attributed by many to the amiable Duchess of Orleans, then in the first year of her widowhood. The real authoress is the Countess d'Arbouville, wife of the lieutenant-general of that name, grand-daughter of Madame d'Houdetot, and niece by marriage of Monsieur de Barante. Inheriting much of the wit of her celebrated ancestress, and no small share of the literary aptitude of her accomplished uncle, this lady, without aiming at the reputation of a woman of letters, writes tales of very remarkable merit. Whilst her husband, as governor of Constantine, wields the sabre in defence of Algeria, the countess, secluded in her boudoir, beguiles her leisure and delights her friends by the exercise of her pen. Last spring, it became known that she had completed the matter of a second volume. Thereupon, she was so besieged by petitioners for the favor of a perusal, that in self-defence, and out of regard to the integrity of her manuscript, she was compelled to print fifty copies for private circulation. Through the kindness of a Parisian friend, one of these has reached us. It contains two tales. The first, "Le Médecin du Village," is a simple and touching story, highly attractive by its purity of style and exquisite feeling. The circumstances under

which it was printed forbid criticism ; otherwise we might cavil at its introduction as unartistical, and at one of the incidents—the restoration of an idiot boy of fifteen to unclouded reason—as unprecedented and out of nature. But one dwells not on these blemishes whilst reading the old doctor's affecting tale, which does equal honor to the heart and mind of the authoress. We would gladly place it before our readers in an English dress, but the indefatigable Monsieur Buloz, ever watchful of the interests of his review, has already pounced upon it. It had scarcely been printed, when he transferred it to the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. We are obliged, therefore, to content ourselves with the second tale, no way inferior to its fellow, but whose greater length compels us to abridge. This we would fain avoid, for even without such curtailment it is impossible to render in another language the full charm of the original, a charm residing in delicacy of style and touch rather than in description or incident. We will do our best, however, and should the attempt meet the eye and disapproval of Madame d'Arbouville, we wish it may stimulate her to print her next work by thousands instead of tens, that all conversant with the French tongue may have opportunities of reading and appreciating the productions of so pleasing a writer.

The tale in question is entitled—

#### UNE HISTOIRE HOLLANDAISE.

It was the hour of sunrise. Not the gorgeous sunrise of Spain or Italy, when the horizon's ruddy blaze suddenly revives all that breathes, when golden rays mingle with the deep azure of a southern sky, and nature bursts into vitality and vigor, as if light gave life. The sun rose upon the chilly shores of Holland. The clouds opened to give exit to a pale light, without heat or brilliancy. Nature passed insensibly from sleep to waking, but continued torpid when ceasing to slumber. No cry or joyous song, no flight of birds, or bleating of flocks, hail the advent of a new day. On the summit of the dykes, the reed-hedges bend before the breeze, and the sea-sand, whirled over the slight obstacle, falls upon the meadows, covering their verdure with a moving veil. A river, yellow with the slime of its banks, flows peaceably and patiently towards the expectant ocean. Seen from afar, its waters and its shore appear of one color, resembling a sandy plain ; save where a ray of light, breaking upon the surface, reveals by silvery flashes the passage of the stream. Ponderous boats descend it, drawn by teams of horses, whose large feet sink into the sand as they advance leisurely and without distress to the goal of their journey. Behind them strides a peasant, whip on shoulder ; he hurries not his cattle, he looks neither at the stream that flows, nor the beasts that draw, nor the boat that follows ; he plods steadily onwards, trusting to perseverance to attain his end.

Such is a corner of the picture presented to the traveller in Holland, the country charged, it would seem, more than any other, to enforce God's command to the waters, *Thou shalt go no further!* This silent repose of creatures and things, this mild light, these neutral tints and vast motionless plains, are not without a certain poetry of their own. Wherever space and silence are united, poetry finds

place ; she loves all things more or less, whether smiling landscape or dreary desert ; light of wing, a trifle will detain and support her—a blade of grass often suffices. And Holland, which Butler has called a large ship always at anchor, has its beauties for the thoughtful observer. Gradually one learns to admire this land at war with ocean and struggling daily for existence ; those cities which compel the waters to flow at their ramparts' foot, to follow the given track, and abide in the allotted bed ; then those days of revolt, when the waves would fain reconquer their independence, when they overflow and inundate, and destroy, and at last, constrained by the hand of man, subside and again obey.

As the sun rose, a small boat glided rapidly down the stream. It had a single occupant, a tall young man, lithe, skilful, and strong, who, although apparently in haste, kept near the shore, following the windings of the bank, and avoiding the centre of the current, which would have accelerated his progress. At that early hour the fields were deserted ; the birds alone had risen earlier than the boatman, whose large hat of gray felt lay beside him, whilst his brown locks, tossed backward by the wind, disclosed regular features, a broad open forehead, and eyes somewhat thoughtful, like those of the men of the north. His costume denoted a student from a German university. One gathered from his extreme youth that his life had hitherto passed on academic benches, and that it was still a new and lively pleasure to him to feel the freshness of morning bathe his brow, the breeze play with his hair, the stream bear along his bark. He hastened, for there are times when we count the hours ill ; when we outstrip and tax them with delay. Then, if we cannot hurry the pace of time, we prefer at least to wait at the appointed spot. It calms impatience, and resembles a commencement of happiness.

When the skiff had rounded a promontory of the bank, its speed increased, as if the eye directing it had gained a sight of the goal. At a short distance the landscape changed its character. A meadow sloped down to the stream, fringed by a thick hedge of willows, half uprooted and inclined over the water. The boat reached the shadow of the trees, and stopping there, rocked gently on the river, secured by a chain east round a branch. The young man stood up and looked anxiously through the foliage ; then he sang, in a low tone, the burden of a ballad, a love-plaint, the national poetry of all countries. His voice, at first subdued, not to break too suddenly the surrounding silence, gradually rose as the song drew to a close. The clear mellow notes escaped from the bower of drooping leaves, and expired without echo or reply upon the surface of the pasture. Then he sat down and contemplated the peaceful picture presented to his view. The gray sky had that melancholy look so depressing to the joyless and hopeless ; the cold dull water rolled noiselessly onward ; to the left, the plain extended afar without variety of surface. A few windmills reared their gaunt arms, waiting for the wind ; and the wind, too weak to stir them, passed on and left them motionless. To the right, at the extremity of the little meadow, stood a square house of red bricks and regular construction, isolated, silent, and melancholy. The thick greenish glass of the windows refused to reflect the sunbeams ; the roof supported gilded vanes of fantastical form ; the garden was laid out in formal parterres. A few tulips, drooping their heavy heads, and dahlias,

propped with white sticks, were the sole flowers growing there, and these were hemmed in and stifled by hedges of box. Trees, stunted and shabby, and with dust-covered leaves, were cut into walls and into various eccentric shapes. At the corners of the formal alleys, whose complicated windings were limited to a narrow space, stood a few plaster figures. One of these alleys led to the willow-hedge. There nature resumed her rights; the willows grew free and unrestrained, stretching out from the land and drooping into the water; their inclined trunks forming flying-bridges, supported but at one end. The bank was high enough for a certain space to intervene between the stream and the horizontal stems. A few branches, longer than the rest, swept the surface of the river, and were kept in constant motion by its current.

Beneath this dome of verdure the boat was moored, and there the young man mused, gazing at the sky—melancholy as his heart—and at the stream, in its course uncertain as his destiny. A few willow leaves fluttered against his brow, one of his hands hung in the water, a gentle breeze stirred his hair; nameless flowerets, blooming in the shelter of the trees, gave out a faint perfume, detectible at intervals, at the wind's caprice. A bird, hidden in the foliage, piped an amorous note, and the student, cradled in his skiff, awaited his love. Ungrateful that he was! he called time a laggard, and bid him speed; he was insensible to the charm of the present hour. Ah! if he grows old, how well will he understand that fortune then lavished on him the richest treasures of life—hope and youth!

Suddenly the student started, stood up, and, with outstretched neck, and eyes riveted on the trees, he listened, scarce daring to breathe. The foliage opened, and the face of a young girl was revealed to his gaze. "Christine!" he exclaimed.

Christine stepped upon the trunk of the lowest tree, and seated herself with address on this pliant bench, which her weight, slight as it was, caused to yield and rock. One of her arms, extended through the branches that drooped towards the water, reached that of her lover, who tenderly pressed her hand. Then she drew herself up again, and the tree, less loaded, seemed to obey her will by imitating her movement. The young man sat in his boat, with eyes uplifted towards the willow on which she he loved reposed.

Christine Van Amberg had none of the distinguishing features of the country of her birth. Hair black as the raven's wing formed a frame to a face full of energy and expression. Her large eyes were dark and penetrating; her eyebrows, strongly marked and almost straight, would perhaps have imparted too decided a character to her young head, if a charming expression of candor and naïveté had not given her the countenance of a child, rather than of a woman. Christine was fifteen years of age. A slender silver circlet bound her brow and jet-black tresses—a holiday ornament, according to her country's custom: but her greatest festival was the sight of her lover. She wore a simple muslin dress of a pale blue color; a black silk mantle, intended to envelop her figure, was placed upon her hair, and fell back upon her shoulders, as if the better to screen her from the gaze of the curious. Seated on a tree trunk, surrounded by branches and beside the water, like Shakespear's Ophelia, Christine was charming. But although young, beautiful, and beloved, deep melancholy was the characteristic of her features. Her companion, too, gazed mourn-

fully at her, with eyes to which the tears seemed about to start.

"Herbert," said the young girl, stooping towards her lover, "Herbert, be not so sad! we are both too young to despair of life. Herbert! better times will come."

"Christine! they have refused me your hand, expelled me your dwelling,—they would separate us entirely: they will succeed, to-morrow perhaps! \* \* \* \*"

"Never!" exclaimed the young girl, with a glance like the lightning's flash. But, like that flash, the expression of energy was momentary, and gave way to one of calm melancholy.

"If you would, Christine, if you would! \* \* \* how easy were it to fly together, to unite our destinies on a foreign shore, and to live for each other, happy and forgotten! \* \* \* I will lead you to those glorious lands where the sun shines as you see it in your dreams—to the summit of lofty mountains whence the eye discovers a boundless horizon—to noble forests with their thousand tints of green, where the fresh breeze shall quicken your cheek, and sweep from your memory these fogs, this humid clime, these monotonous plains. Our days shall pass happily in a country worthy of our loves."

As Herbert spoke, the young girl grew animated; she seemed to see what he described, her eager eye sought the horizon as though she would overleap it, her lips parted as to inhale the mountain breeze. Then she passed her hand hastily across her eyes, and sighed deeply. "No!" she exclaimed, "no, I must remain here! \* \* \* Herbert, it is my country: why does it make me suffer? I remember another sky, another land—but no, it is a dream! I was born here, and have scarcely passed the boundary of this meadow. My mother sang too often beside my cradle the ballads and boleros of her native Seville; she told me too much of Spain, and I love that unknown land as one pines after an absent friend!"

The young girl glanced at the river, over which a dense fog was spreading. A few rain-drops pattered amongst the leaves; she crossed her mantle on her breast, and her whole frame shivered with sudden chill.

"Leave me, Christine, you suffer! return home, and, since you reject my roof and hearth, abide with those who can shelter and warm you."

A sweet smile played upon Christine's lips. "My beloved," she said, "near you I prefer the chilling rain, this rough branch, and the biting wind, to my seat in the house, far from you, beside the blazing chimney. Ah! with what joy and confidence would I start on foot for the furthest corner of the earth, your arm my sole support, your love my only wealth. But \* \* \*"

"What retains you, Christine? your father's affection, your sisters' tenderness, your happy home?"

The young girl grew pale. "Herbert, it is cruel to speak thus. Well do I know that my father loves me not, that my sisters are often unkind to me, that my home is unhappy; I know it, indeed I know it, and I will follow you \* \* \* if my mother consents!"

Herbert looked at his mistress with astonishment. "Child!" he exclaimed, "such consent will never leave your mother's lips. There are cases where strength and resolution must be found in one's own heart. Your mother will never say yes."

"Perhaps!" replied Christine, slowly and gravely. "My mother loves me; I resemble her in



most things, and her heart understands mine. She knows that Scripture says a woman shall leave her father and mother to follow her husband; she is aware of our attachment, and, since our door has been closed against you, I have not shed a tear that she has not detected and replied to by another. You misjudge my mother, Herbert. Something tells me she has suffered, and knows that a little happiness is essential to life as the air we breathe. Nor would it surprise me, if one day, when embracing me, as she does each night when we are alone, she were to whisper: Begone, my poor child!"

"I cannot think it, Christine. She will bid you obey, be comforted, forget!"

"Forget! Herbert, my mother forgets nothing. To forget is the resource of cowardly hearts. No—none will bid me forget."

And once more a gloomy fire flashed in Christine's eyes, like the rapid passage of a flame which illumines and instantly expires. It was a revelation of the future rather than the expression of the present. An ardent soul dwelt within her, but had not yet cast off all the incumbrances of childhood. It struggled to make its way, and at times, succeeding for a moment, a word or cry revealed its presence.

"No—I shall not forget," added Christine; "I love you, and you love me, who am so little loved! You find me neither foolish, nor fantastical, nor capricious; you understand my reveries and the thousand strange thoughts that invade my heart. I am very young, Herbert; and yet, here, with my hand in yours, I answer for the future. I shall always love you! \* \* \* and see, I do not weep. I have faith in the happiness of our love; how? when? I know not—it is the secret of my Creator, who would not have sent me upon earth only to suffer. Happiness will come when He deems right, but come it will! Yes—I am young, full of life, I have need of air and space; I shall not live enclosed and smothered here. The world is large, and I will know it; my heart is full of love, and will love forever. No tears, dearest! obstacles shall be overcome, they must give way, for I will be happy!"

"But why delay, Christine! My love! my wife! an opportunity lost may never be regained. A minute often decides the fate of a lifetime. Perhaps, at this very moment, happiness is near us! A leap into my boat, a few strokes of the oar, and we are united forever! \* \* \* Perhaps, if you again return to the land, we are forever separated. Christine, come! The wind rises: beneath my feet is a sail that will quickly swell and bear us away rapidly as the wings of yon bird."

Tears flowed fast over Christine's burning cheeks. She shuddered, looked at her lover, at the horizon, thought of liberty; she hesitated, and a violent struggle agitated her soul. At last, hiding her face amongst the leafage of the willow, she clasped her arms round its stem, as if to withhold herself from entering the boat, and in a stifled voice muttered the words—"My mother!" A few seconds afterwards, she raised her pallid countenance.

"If I fled," said she gently, "to whom would my mother speak of her dear country? Who would weep with her when she weeps, if I were gone? She has other children, but they are gay and happy, and do not resemble her. Only my mother and myself are sad in our house. My mother would die of my absence. I must receive her farewell blessing or remain by her side, chilled like her by this inclement climate, imprisoned in yonder walls, ill-treated by those who love me not. Herbert, I will

not fly, I will wait!" And she made a movement to regain the strand.

"One instant—yet one second—Christine! I know not what chilling presentiment oppresses my heart. Dearest—if we were to meet no more. If this little corner of earth were our last trysting-place—these melancholy willows the witnesses of our eternal separation! Is it—can it be—the last happy hour of my life that has just slipped by?"

He covered his face with his hands, to conceal his tears. Christine's heart beat violently—but she had courage.

Letting herself drop from the tree, she stood upon the bank, separated from the boat, which could not come nearer to shore.

"Adieu, Herbert," said she, "one day I will be your wife, faithful and loving. It shall be, for I will have it so. Let us both pray God to hasten that happy day. Adieu, I love you! Adieu, and till our next meeting, for I love you!"

The barrier of reeds and willows opened before the young girl. A few small branches cracked beneath her tread; there was a slight noise in the grass and bushes, as when a bird takes flight; then all was silence.

Herbert wept.

The clock in the red brick house struck eight, and the family of Van Amberg the merchant were mustered in the breakfast-room. Christine was the only absentee. Near the fire stood the head of the family—Karl Van Amberg—and beside him his brother, who, older than himself, yielded the prerogative of seniority, and left him master of the community. Madame Van Amberg was working near a window, and her two elder daughters, fair-haired, white-skinned Dutchwomen, prepared the breakfast.

Karl Van Amberg, the dreaded chief of his family, was of lofty stature; his gait was stiff; his physiognomy passionless. His face, whose features at first appeared insignificant, denoted a domineering temper. His manners were cold. He spoke little; never to praise, but often in terms of dry and imperious censure. His glance preceded his words and rendered them nearly superfluous, so energetically could that small sunken gray eye make itself understood. With the sole aid of his own patience and ambition, Karl Van Amberg had made a large fortune. His ships covered the seas. Never loved, always respected, his credit was everywhere excellent. Absolute monarch in his own house, none dreamed of opposing his will. All were mute and awed in his presence. At this moment, he was leaning against the chimney-piece. His black garments were very plain, but not devoid of a certain austere elegance.

William Van Amberg, Karl's brother, was quite of an opposite character. He would have passed his life in poverty, subsisting on the scanty income left him by his parents, had not Karl desired wealth. He placed his modest fortune in his brother's hands, saying, "Act as for yourself!" Attached to his native nook of land, he lived in peace, smoking and smiling, and learning from time to time that he was a richer man by a few hundred thousand francs. One day, he was told that he possessed a million; in reply, he merely wrote, "Thanks, Karl; it will be for your children." Then he forgot his riches, and changed nothing in his manner of life, even adhering in his dress to the coarse materials and graceless fashion of a peasant dreading the vicinity of cities. His youthful studies had consisted of a

course of theology. His father, a fervent Catholic, destined him for the church, but it came to pass, as a consequence of his indecision of character, that William neither took orders nor married, but lived quietly in his brother's family. The habitual perusal of religious books sometimes gave his language a mystical tone, contrasting with the rustic simplicity of his exterior. This was his only peculiarity; otherwise he had nothing remarkable but his warm heart and strong good sense. He was the primitive type of his family: his brother was an example of the change caused by newly acquired wealth.

Madame Van Amberg, seated at the window, sewed in silence. Her countenance had the remains of great beauty, but she was weak and suffering. A single glance sufficed to fix her birth-place far from Holland. Her black hair and olive tint betrayed a southern origin. Silently submissive to her husband, his iron character had pressed heavily upon this delicate creature. She had never murmured; now she was dying, but without complaint. Her look was one of deep melancholy. Christine, her third daughter, resembled her. Of dark complexion, like her mother, she contrasted strongly with her rosy-cheeked sisters. M. Van Amberg did not love Christine. Rough and cold, even to those he secretly cherished, he was severe and cruel to those he disliked. He had never been known to kiss Christine. Her mother's were the only caresses she knew, and even those were stealthily and tearfully bestowed. The two poor women hid themselves to love each other.

At intervals, Madame Van Amberg coughed painfully. The damp climate of Holland was slowly conducting to her grave the daughter of Spain's ardent land. Her large melancholy eyes mechanically sought the monotonous horizon, which had bounded her view for twenty years. Fog and rain surrounded the house. She gazed, shivered as if seized with deadly cold, then resumed her work.

Eight o'clock had just struck, and the two young Dutchwomen, who although rich heiresses, waited upon their father, had just placed the tea and smoked beef upon the table, when Karl Van Amberg turned abruptly to his wife.

"Where is your daughter, madame?"

He spoke of Christine, whom the restless gaze of Madame Van Amberg vainly sought through the fog veiling the garden. At her husband's question, the lady rose, opened the door, and, leaning on the banister, twice uttered her daughter's name. There was no reply; she grew pale and again looked out anxiously through the fog.

"Go in, madame," was the surly injunction of Gotho, the old servant woman, who knelt on the hall flags, which she had flooded with soap and water, and was now vigorously scrubbing; "Go in, madame; the damp increases your cough, and Mademoiselle Christine is far enough away! The bird flew before daybreak."

Madame Van Amberg cast a mournful glance across the meadow, where nothing moved, and into the parlor, where her stern husband awaited her; then she went in and sat down at the table, around which the remainder of the family had already placed themselves. No one spoke. All could read displeasure upon M. Van Amberg's countenance, and none dared attempt to change the course of his ideas. His wife kept her eyes fixed upon the window, hoping her daughter's return. Her lips scarcely tasted the milk that filled her cup; visible anguish increased the paleness of her sweet, sad countenance.

"Annunciata, my dear, take some tea," said her brother-in-law. "The day is chill and damp, and you seem to suffer."

Annunciata smiled sadly at William. For sole answer she raised to her lips the tea he offered her, but the effort was too painful, and she replaced the cup upon the table. M. Van Amberg looked at nobody; he ate, his eyes fixed upon his plate.

"Sister," resumed William, "it is a duty to care for one's health, and you, who fulfil all your duties, should not neglect that one."

A slight flush tinged the brow of Annunciata. Her eyes encountered those of her husband, which he slowly turned towards her. Trembling, almost weeping, she ceased her attempts to eat. And the silence was again unbroken, as at the commencement of the meal. At last steps were heard in the passage, the old servant grumbled something which did not reach the parlor, then the door opened, and Christine entered; her muslin dress damp with fog, her graceful curls disordered by the wind, her black mantle glittering with a thousand little rain-drops. She was crimson with embarrassment and fear. Her empty chair was beside her mother; she sat down, and hung her head; none offered aught to the truant child, and the silence continued. Yielding to maternal anxiety, Madame Van Amberg took a handkerchief and wiped the moisture from Christine's forehead and hair; then she took her hands to warm them in her own. For the second time M. Van Amberg looked at his wife. She let Christine's hands fall, and remained downcast and motionless as her daughter. M. Van Amberg rose from table. A tear glistened in the mother's eyes on seeing that her daughter had not eaten. But she said nothing, and returning to the window, resumed her sewing. Christine remained at table, preserving her frightened and abashed attitude. The two eldest girls hastened to remove the breakfast things.

"Do you not see what Wilhelmina and Maria are about? Can you not help them?"

At her father's voice, Christine hastily rose, seized the cups and tea-pot, and hurried to and fro from parlor to pantry.

"Gently! You will break something!" cried M. Van Amberg. "Begin in time, to finish without hurry."

Christine stood still in the middle of the room. Her two sisters smiled as they passed her, and one of them muttered—for nobody spoke loud in M. Van Amberg's presence—"Christine will hardly learn housekeeping by looking at the stars and watching the river flow!"

"Now then, mademoiselle, you are spoiling everything here!" said the old servant, who had just come in; "go and change that wet gown, which ruins all my furniture."

Christine remained where she was, not daring to stir without the master's order.

"Go," said M. Van Amberg.

The young girl darted from the room and up the stairs, reached her chamber, threw herself upon the bed and burst into tears. Below, Madame Van Amberg continued to sew, her head bent over her work. When the cloth was removed, Wilhelmina and Maria placed a large jug of beer, glasses, long pipes, and a store of tobacco upon the mahogany table, and pushed forward two arm-chairs, in which Karl and William installed themselves.

"Retire to your apartment, madame," said M. Van Amberg, in the imperious tone habitual to him when he addressed his wife; "I have to discuss matters which do not concern you. Do not

leave the house; I will call you by and by; I wish to speak with you."

Annunciata bowed in token of obedience, and left the room. Wilhelmina and Maria approached their father, who silently kissed their pretty cheeks. The two brothers lit their pipes, and remained alone. William was the first to speak.

"Brother Karl!" said he, resting his arms upon the table, and looking M. Van Amberg in the face, "before proceeding to business, and at risk of offending you, I must relieve my heart. Here, all fear you, and counsel, the salutary support of man, is denied you."

"Speak, William," coldly replied M. Van Amberg.

"Karl, you treat Annunciata very harshly. God commands you to protect her, and you allow her to suffer, perhaps to die before your eyes, without caring for her fate. The strong should sustain the weak. In our native land, we owe kindness to the stranger who cometh from afar. The husband owes protection to her he has chosen for his wife. For all these reasons, brother, I say you treat Annunciata ill."

"Does she complain?" said M. Van Amberg, filling his glass.

"No, brother; only the strong resist and complain. A tree falls with a crash, the reed bends noiselessly to the ground. No, she does not complain, save by silence and suffering, by constant and passive obedience, like that of a soul-less automaton. You have deprived her of life, the poor woman! One day she will cease to move and breathe; she has long ceased to live!"

"Brother, there are words that should not be inconsiderately spoken, judgments that should not be hastily passed, for fear of injustice."

"Do I not know your whole life, Karl, as well as my own, and can I not therefore speak confidently, as one well informed?"

M. Van Amberg inhaled the smoke of his pipe, threw himself back in his arm-chair, and made no reply.

"I know you as I know myself," resumed William gently, "although our hearts were made to love and not to resemble each other. When you found our father's humble dwelling too small, I said nothing; you were ambitious; when a man is born with that misfortune or blessing, he must do like the birds, who have wings to soar; he must strive to rise. You departed; I pressed your hand, and reproached you not; it is right that each man should be happy his own way. You gained much gold, and gave me more than I needed. You returned married, and I did not approve your marriage. It is wiser to seek a companion in the land where one's days are to end; it is something to love the same places and things, and then it is only generous to leave one's wife a family, friends, well-known objects to gaze upon. It is counting greatly on one's self to take sole charge of her happiness. Happiness sometimes consists of so many things! Often an imperceptible atom serves as base to its vast structure: for my part, I do not like presumptuous experiments on the hearts of others. In short, you married a foreigner, who perishes with cold in this country, and sighs, amidst our fogs, for the sun of Spain. You committed a still greater fault—Forgive me, brother; I speak plainly, in order not to return to this subject."

"I am attending to you, William; you are my elder brother."

"Thanks for your patience, Karl. No longer

young, you married a very young woman. Your affairs took you to Spain. There you met a needy Spanish noble, to whom you rendered a weighty service. You were always generous, and increasing wealth did not close your hand. This noble had a daughter, a child of fifteen. In spite of your apparent coldness, you were smitten by her beauty, and you asked her of her father. Only one thing struck you; that she was poor and would be enriched by the marriage. A refusal of your offer would have been ingratitude to a benefactor. They gave you Annunciata, and you took her, brother, without looking whether joy was in her eyes, without asking the child whether she willingly followed you, without interrogating her heart. In that country the heart is precocious in its awakening—perhaps she left behind her some youthful dream—some early love—Forgive me, Karl; the subject is difficult to discuss."

"Change it, William," said M. Van Amberg coldly.

"Be it so. You returned hither, and when your business again took you forth upon the ocean, you left Annunciata to my care. She lived many years with me in this house. Karl, her youth was joyless and sad. Isolated and silent, she wore out her days without pleasure or variety. Your two eldest daughters, now the life of our dwelling, were then in the cradle. They were no society to their mother; I was a very grave companion for that young and beautiful creature. I have little reading and knowledge, no imagination; I like my quiet arm-chair, my old books, and my pipe. I at first allowed myself to believe—because I loved to believe it—that Annunciata resembled me—that tranquillity and a comfortable dwelling would suffice for her happiness, as they sufficed for mine. But at last I understood—what you, brother, I fear, have never comprehended—that she was never intended for a Dutch housewife. In the first place, the climate tortured her. She constantly asked me if finer summers would not come—if the winters were always so rigorous—the fogs so frequent. I told her no, that the year was a bad one; but I told her a falsehood, for the winters were always the same. At first she tried to sing her Sevillian romances and boleros, but soon her song died away and she wept, for it reminded her too much of her own native land. Silent and motionless she sat, desiring, as I have read in the Bible, 'The wings of the dove to fly away and be at rest.' Brother, it was a melancholy sight. You know not how slowly the winter evenings passed in this parlor. It was dark at four, and she worked by lamp-light till bed-time. I endeavored to converse, but she knew nothing of the things I knew, and I was ignorant of those that interested her. I saw at last that the greatest kindness was to leave her to herself. She worked or was idle, wept or was calm, and I averted my eyes to give her the only consolation in my power—a little liberty. But it was very sad, brother!"

There was a moment's silence, broken by M. Van Amberg. "Madame Van Amberg was in her own dwelling," said he, severely, "with her children, and under the protection of a devoted friend. Her husband toiled in foreign parts to increase the fortune of the family; she remained at home to keep house and educate her daughters; all that is very natural." And he filled his pipe.

"True," replied William; "but still she was unhappy. Was it a crime? God will decide. Leave her to his justice, Karl, and let us be merciful! During your long absence, chance conduct-



ed hither some Spaniards whom Annunciata had known in her childhood, and amongst them the son of an old friend of her father's. Oh! with what mingled joy and agitation did the dear child welcome her countrymen! What tears she shed in the midst of her joy—for she had forgotten how to be happy, and every emotion made her weep. How eagerly she heard and spoke her native tongue! She fancied herself again in Spain; for a while she was almost happy. You returned, brother, and you were cruel; one day, without explaining your motives, you shut your door upon the strangers. Tell me, why would you not allow fellow-countrymen, friends, a companion of her childhood, to speak to your wife of her family and native land? Why require complete isolation, and a total rupture with old friends? She obeyed without a murmur, but she suffered more than you thought. I watched her closely; I, her old friend. Since that fresh proof of your rigor, she is sadder than before. A third time she became a mother; it was in vain; her unhappiness continued. Brother, your hand has been too heavy on this feeble creature."

M. Van Amberg rose, and slowly paced the room. "Have you finished, William?" said he; "this conversation is painful, let it end here; do not abuse the license I give you."

"No; I have yet more to say. You are a cold and severe husband, but that is not all; you are also an unjust father. Christine, your third daughter, is denied her share of your affection, and by this partiality you further wound the heart of Annunciata. Christine resembles her; she is what I can fancy her mother at fifteen—a lively and charming Spaniard; she has all her mother's tastes; like her she lives with difficulty in our climate, and although born in it, by a caprice of nature she suffers from it as Annunciata suffered. Brother, the child is not easy to manage; independent, impassioned, violent in all her impressions, she has a love of movement and liberty which ill agrees with our regular habits, but she has also a good heart, and by appealing to it you might perhaps have tamed her wild spirit. For Christine you are neither more nor less than a pitiless judge. Her childhood was one long grief. And thus, far from losing her wild restlessness, she loves more than ever to be abroad and at liberty; she goes out at daybreak; she looks upon the house as a cage whose bars hurt her, and you vainly endeavor to restrain her. Brother, if you would have obedience, show affection. It is a power that succeeds when all others fail. Why prevent her marrying the man she loves? Herbert the student is not rich, nor is his alliance brilliant; but they love each other!"

M. Van Amberg, who had continued his walk, now stopped short, and coldly replied to his brother's accusations; "Christine is only fifteen, and I do my duty by curbing the foolish passion that prematurely disturbs her reason. As to what you call my partiality, you have explained it yourself by the defects of her character. You, who reproach others as pitiless judges, beware yourself of judging too severely. Every man acts according to his internal perceptions, and all things are not good to be spoken. Empty your glass, William, and if you have finished your pipe, do not begin another. The business I had to discuss with you will keep till another day; it is late, and I am tired. It is not always wise to rake up the memories of the past. I wish to be alone a while. Leave me,

and tell Madame Van Amberg to come to me in a quarter of an hour."

"Why not say, 'Tell Annunciata?' Why for so long a time has that strange sweet name never passed your lips?"

"Tell Madame Van Amberg I would speak with her, and leave me brother," replied Karl sternly.

William felt he had pushed Karl Van Amberg's patience to its utmost limit; he got up and left the room. At the foot of the stairs he hesitated a moment, then ascended, and sought Annunciata in Christine's chamber. It was a narrow cell, shining with cleanliness, and containing a few flowers in glasses, a wooden crucifix, with chaplets of beads hanging on it, and a snow-white bed; a guitar (it was her mother's) was suspended on the wall. From the window was seen the meadow, the river, and the willows. Christine sat on the foot of the bed, still weeping; her mother was beside her, offering her bread and milk, with which Christine's tears mingled. Annunciata kissed her daughter's eyes, and then furtively wiped her own. On entering, William stood for a few moments at the door, mournfully contemplating this touching picture.

"My brother, my good brother," cried Annunciata, "speak to my child! She has forgotten prayer and obedience; her heart is no longer submissive, and her tears avail nothing, for she murmurs and menaces. Ask her, brother, by whom it was told her that life is joy? that we live only to be happy? Talk to her of duty, and give her strength to accomplish it!"

"Your husband inquires for you, sister. Go, I will remain with Christine."

"I go, my brother," replied Annunciata. Approaching the little mirror above the chimney-piece, she washed the tear-stains from her eyes, pressed her hand upon her heart to check its throbbings, and when her countenance had resumed its expression of calm composure, she descended the stairs, Gothon was seated on the lower steps.

"You spoil her, madame," said she roughly to her mistress; "foolish ears need sharp words. You spoil her."

Gothon had been in the house before Annunciata, and had been greatly displeased by the arrival of her master's foreign lady, whose authority she never acknowledged. But she had served the Van Ambergs' mother, and therefore it was without fear of dismissal that she oppressed, after her own fashion, her timid and gentle mistress.

Annunciata entered the parlor and remained standing near the door as if waiting an order. Her husband's countenance was graver and more gloomy than ever.

"Can no one hear us, madame? Are you sure we are alone?"

"Quite alone, sir," replied the astonished Annunciata.

M. Van Amberg recommenced his walk. For some moments he said nothing. His wife, her hand resting on the back of an arm-chair, silently awaited his pleasure. At last he again spoke.

"You bring up your daughter Christine badly; I left her to your care and guidance, and you do not watch over her. Do you know where she goes and what she does?"

"From her childhood, sir," replied Annunciata gently, pausing between each phrase, "Christine has loved to live in the open air. She is delicate, and requires sun and liberty to strengthen her. Till now you have allowed her to live thus; I saw no

harm in letting her follow her natural bent. If you disapprove, sir, she will obey your orders."

"You bring up your daughter badly," coldly repeated M. Van Amberg. "She will dishonor the name she bears."

"Sir!" exclaimed Annunciata, her cheeks suffused with the deepest crimson; her eyes emitting a momentary but vivid flash.

"Look to it, madame, I will have my name respected, that you know! You also know I am informed of whatever passes in my house. Your daughter secretly meets a man to whom I refused her hand; this morning, at six o'clock, they were together on the river bank!"

"My daughter! my daughter!"—cried Annunciata in disconsolate tones. "Oh! it is impossible! She is innocent! she shall remain so! I will place myself between her and evil, I will save my child! I will take her in my arms, and close her ears to dangerous words. My daughter, I will say, remain innocent, remain honored, if you would not see me die!"

With unmoved eye M. Van Amberg beheld the mother's emotion. Beneath his frozen gaze, Annunciata felt embarrassed by her own agitation; she made an effort to calm herself; then, with clasped hands, and eyes filled with tears, which she would not allow to flow, she resumed, in a constrained voice:

"Is this beyond doubt, sir?"

"It is," replied M. Van Amberg; "I never accuse without certainty."

There was a moment's silence. M. Van Amberg again spoke.

"You will lock Christine in her room, and bring me the key. She will have time to reflect, and I trust reflection will be of service to her; in a prolonged seclusion she will lose that love of motion and liberty which leads her into harm; the silence of complete solitude will allay the tumult of her thoughts. None shall enter her room, save Gothon, who shall take her her meals, and return me the key. This is what I have decided upon as proper."

Madame Van Amberg's lips opened several times to speak, but her courage failed her. At last she advanced a pace or two.

"But I, sir, I," said she in a stifled voice, "I am to see my child!"

"I said no one," replied M. Van Amberg.

"But she will despair, if none sustain her. I will be severe with her; you may be assured I will! Let me see her, if only once a day. She may fall ill of grief, and who will know it! Gothon dislikes her. For pity's sake, let me see Christine! For a minute only, a single minute."

M. Van Amberg once more stood still, and fixed upon his wife a look that made her stagger. "Not another word!" he said. "I allow no discussion, madame. No one shall see Christine; do you hear?"

"I will obey," replied Annunciata.

"Convey my orders to your daughter. At dinner bring me the key of her room. Go."

Madame Van Amberg found Christine alone, seated on her bed, and exhausted by long weeping. Her beautiful face, at times so energetic, wore an expression of profound and touching dejection. Her long hair fell in disorder on her shoulders, her figure was bent, as if weighed down by grief; her rosary had fallen from her half-open hand; she had tried to obey her mother and to pray, but had been able only to weep. Her black mantle, still damp with rain, lay upon a table, a few willow sprays

peeping from its silken folds. Christine eyed them with mingled love and melancholy. She thought it a century since she saw the sun rise on the river, on the old trees, and on Herbert's skiff. Her mother slowly approached her.

"My child," said she, "where were you at day-break this morning?"

Christine raised her eyes to her mother's face, looked at her, but did not answer. Annunciata repeated her question without change of word or tone. Then Christine let herself slide from the bed to the ground, and kneeled before her mother.

"I was seated," said she, "upon the trunk of a willow that overhangs the stream. I was near Herbert's boat."

"Christine!" exclaimed Madame Van Amberg, "can it be true? Oh, my child, could you so infringe the commands laid upon you! Could you thus forget my lessons and advice! Christine, you thought not of me when you committed that fault!"

"Herbert said to me, 'Come, you shall be my wife, I will love you eternally, you shall be free and happy; all is ready for our marriage and our flight; come!' I replied, 'I will not leave my mother!' Mother, you have been my safeguard; if it be a crime to follow Herbert, it is the thought of you alone that prevented my committing it. I would not leave my mother!"

A beam of joy illumined Annunciata's countenance. Murmuring a thanksgiving to God, she raised her kneeling child and seated her by her side.

"Speak to me, Christine," she said, "open your heart, and tell me all your thoughts. Together we will regret your faults, and seek hope for the future. Speak, my daughter; conceal nothing."

Christine laid her head upon her mother's shoulder, put one of her little hands in hers, sighed deeply, as though her heart were too oppressed for words, and spoke at last with effort and fatigue.

"Mother," she said, "I have nothing to confess that you do not already know. I love Herbert. He is but a poor student, intrusted to my father's care, but he has a noble heart—like mine, somewhat sad. He knows much, and he is gentle to those who know nothing. Poor, he is proud as a king; he loves, and he tells it only to her who knows it. My mother, I love Herbert! He asked my hand of my father, whose reply was a smile of scorn. Then he was kept from me, and I tried to exist without seeing him. I could not do it. I made many *neuvaines* on the rosary you gave me. I had seen you weep and pray, mother, and I said to myself—Now that I weep as she does, I must also pray like her. But it happened once, as day broke, that I saw a small boat descend the stream, then go up again, and again descend; from time to time a white sail fluttered in the air as one flutters a kerchief to a departing friend. My thoughts, then as now, were on Herbert; I ran across the meadow—I reached the stream. Mother, it was he! hoping and waiting my coming. Long and mournfully we bewailed our separation; fervently we vowed to love each other till death. This morning Herbert, discouraged and weary of waiting a change in our position, urged me to fly with him. I might have fled, mother, but I thought of you and remained. I have told you all; if I have done wrong, forgive me, dearest mother!"

With deep emotion Madame Van Amberg listened to her daughter, and remained buried in reflection, when Christine paused. She felt that the

young girl's suffering heart needed gentle lessons, affectionate advice; and, instead of these, she was the bearer of a sentence whose severity must aggravate the evil—she was compelled to deny her sick child the remedies that might have saved her.

"You love him very dearly then," said she at last, fixing a long, melancholy look on her daughter's countenance.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Christine, "I love him with all my soul! My life is passed in expecting, seeing, remembering him! I could never make you comprehend how entirely my heart is his. Often I dream of dying for him, not to save his life, that were too easy and natural, but uselessly, at his command."

"Hush! Christine, hush! you frighten me," cried Annuciata, placing both hands upon her daughter's mouth. By a quick movement Christine disengaged herself from her mother's arms.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "you know not what it is to love as I do! My father could never let himself be loved thus!"

"Be silent, my child! be silent!" repeated Annuciata energetically. "Oh, my daughter! how to instil into your heart thoughts of peace and duty! Almighty Father! bless my weak words, that they may touch her soul! Christine, hear me!"

Annuciata took her daughter's hands, and compelled her to stand before her. "My child," she said, "you know nothing of life; you walk at random, and are about to wander from the right path. All young hearts have been troubled as yours is now. The noble ones have struggled and triumphed; the others have fallen! Life is no easy and pleasant passage; its trials are many and painful—its struggles severe; believe me, for us women there is no true happiness without the bounds of duty. And when happiness is not our destiny, many great things still remain to us. Honor, the esteem of others, are not mere empty words. Hear me, beloved child! That God, whom from your infancy I have taught you to love, do you not fear offending him? Seek him, and you will find better consolation than I can offer. Christine, we love in God those from whom we are severed on earth. He, who in his infinite wisdom imposed so many fetters on the heart of women, foresaw the sacrifices they would entail, and surely he has kept treasures of love for hearts that break in obedience to duty."

Annuciata rapidly wiped the tears inundating her fine countenance; then clasping Christine's arm—

"On your knees, my child! on our knees both of us before the Christ I gave you! 'Tis nearly dark, and yet we still discern Him—his arms seeming to open for us. Bless and save and console my child, oh merciful God! Appease her heart; make it humble and obedient!"

Her prayer at an end, she rose, and throwing her arms round Christine, who had passively allowed herself to be placed on her knees and lifted up again, she embraced her tenderly, pressed her to her heart, and bathed her hair with tears. "My daughter," she murmured between her kisses, "my daughter, speak to me. Utter one word that I may take with me as a hope! My child, will you not speak to your mother?"

"Mother, I love Herbert!" was Christine's reply.

Annuciata looked despairingly at her child, at the crucifix upon the wall, at the darkening sky seen through the open window. The dinner-bell rang. Madame Van Amberg made a strong effort to collect and express her ideas.

"M. Van Amberg," said she in broken voice, "orders you to remain in your room. I am to take him the key. You are to see no one. The hour is come, and he expects me."

"A prisoner!" cried Christine; "a prisoner—alone, all day! Death rather than that!"

"He will have it so," repeated Annuciata, mournfully; "I must obey. He will have it so." And she approached the door, casting upon Christine a look of such ineffable love and grief, that the young girl, fascinated by the gaze, let her depart without opposition. The key turned in the lock, and Annuciata, supporting herself by the banister, slowly descended. She found M. Van Amberg alone in the parlor.

"You have been a long time up stairs," said he. "Have you convinced yourself that your daughter saw the student Herbert this morning?"

"She did," murmured Annuciata.

"You have told her my orders?"

"I have done so."

"Where is the key?" She gave it him.

"Now to dinner," said M. Van Amberg, walking into the dining-room. Annuciata endeavored to follow him, but her strength failed her, and she sank upon a chair.

M. Van Amberg sat down alone to his dinner.

"A prisoner!" repeated Christine in her solitude; "apart from all! shut up! Yon meadow was too wide a range; the house too spacious a prison. I must have a narrower cell, with more visible walls—a straiter captivity! They deprive me of the little air I breathed—the scanty liberty I found means to enjoy!"

She opened the window to its full extent; leaned upon the sill, and looked at the sky. It was very dark; heavy clouds hid the stars; no light fell upon the earth; different shades of obscurity alone marked the outlines of objects. The willows, so beautiful when Herbert and the sun were there, were now a black and motionless mass; dead silence reigned around. In view of nature thus lifeless and lightless, hopes of happiness could hardly enter the heart. Christine was in a fever; she felt oppressed and crushed by unkindly influences, by the indifference of friends, by a tyrant's will, even by the cold and mournful night. The young girl's heart beat quickly and rebelliously.

"Be it so!" she exclaimed aloud; "let them have their way! They may render me unhappy; I will not complain. They sanctify my love by persecution. Happy, I should perhaps have been ashamed to love so much. But they rob me of air and liberty; I suffer; I weep. Ah! I feel proud that my heart still throbs with joy in the midst of so many evils. My sufferings will hallow my love, will compel the respect of those who scoffed and slighted it. Herbert! dear Herbert! where are you at this moment? Do you joyfully anticipate tomorrow's dawn; are you busy with your boat, preparing it for its early cruise? Or do you sleep, dreaming of the old willows in the meadow, hearing the waters murmur through their branches, and the voice of Christine promising her return? But no; it cannot be; our hearts are too united for their feelings thus to differ! You are sad, my love, and you know not why; I am sad with knowledge of our misfortune—'tis the sole difference separation can establish between us. When shall we meet again, Herbert? Alas! I know not, but meet we assuredly shall. If God lets me live, he will let me love you."

Christine shut the window and threw herself on



her bed without undressing. It was cold; she wrapped herself in her mantle, and gradually her head sank upon her breast. Her hands, at first pressed against each other, opened and fell by her sides. She dropped asleep, like an infant, in the midst of her tears.

The first sun-rays, feeble though they were, awoke Christine, who sprang hastily from her couch. "Herbert waits for me!" she exclaimed. At her age memory is better for joy than for sorrow. For her the dawn of day was still a rendezvous of love. The next moment she awoke to the consciousness of her captivity. She went to the window, leaned out as on the previous evening, and looked mournfully around. In a corner of the heavens was a glow of light, intercepted by billows of cloud. The pale foliage of the willows shivered in the breeze, which ruffled the leaves without bending the branches; the long, fine grass of the meadow was seen through a vale of fog, as yet undisputed by the sun. The sounds of awakening nature had not yet begun, when a white sail stood out upon the surface of the stream, gliding lightly along like the open wing of a graceful bird. It passed to and fro in front of the meadow; was lowered before the trees, and then again displayed, bending the boat's gunwale to the water's surface, hovering continually around a point of the bank, as though confined within the circle of an invisible fascination. At long intervals the wind brought a faint and scarce perceptible sound, like the last notes of a song; then the little bark again manoeuvred, and its sail flapped in the air. The pale tints of dawn gave way to the warmer sunbeams; passengers appeared upon the bank; trading boats ascended the river; the windows of the red brick house opened as if to inhale the morning air. The boat lowered its sail, and floated slowly away at the will of the current. Christine looked after it and wept.

Twice during that day Gothon opened the door of the young girl's chamber, and brought her a frugal meal. Twice did Gothon depart without uttering a word. The whole day passed in silence and solitude. Christine knew not how to get rid of the weary hours. She knelt before the crucifix, her alabaster rosary in her hand, her head raised towards the cross, and prayed. But her prayer was for Herbert, to see him again; she never dreamed of praying to forget him. Then she took down the guitar, passed round her neck the faded blue riband, tied on it at Seville, and which her mother would never allow to be changed. She struck a few chords of the songs she best loved; but her voice was choked, and her tears flowed more abundantly when she tried to sing. She collected the little sprays of willow, and placed them in a book to dry and preserve them. But the day was very long; and the poor child fluttered in her prison like a caged bird, with an anguish that each moment increased. Her head burned, her bosom throbbed. At last night came. Seated near the open window, the cold calmed her a little. They brought her no light, and time passed more slowly than ever. She went to bed, but, deprived of her accustomed exercise, tormented by a thousand anxieties, she could not sleep; she got up, walked about in the darkness, and again lay down; slumber still avoided her. This time her eyes, red with tears and watchfulness, beheld the sunrise without illusion; she did not for a moment forget her captivity, but looked mournfully out at the little sail which, faithful to its rendezvous, came each morning with the sun.

Again, none but Gothon disturbed her solitude. During another long day, Christine, alternately desponding and excited, walked, wept, lamented, and prayed. Night came again. Nothing broke the silence; the lights in the red house were extinguished one after the other. Profound darkness covered the earth. Christine remained at her window, insensible to cold. Suddenly she started; she heard her name pronounced in low tones at the foot of the wall. She listened.

"Christine, my daughter!" repeated the voice.

"Mother!" exclaimed Christine, "you out in this dreadful weather! I conjure you to go in!"

"I have been two days in bed, my child; I have been unwell; to-night I am better; I felt it impossible to remain longer without seeing you, who are my life, my strength, my health! Oh! you were right not to leave me; it would have killed me. How are you, dear Christine! Have you all you require? How do you live, deprived of my caresses?"

"Dearest mother, for heaven's sake, go in! The night is damp and cold; it will be your death!"

"Your voice warms me; it is far from you that I feel chill and faint. Dearest child, my heart sends you a thousand kisses."

"I receive them on my knees, mother, my arms extended towards you. But, when shall I see you again?"

"When you submit, and promise to obey; when you no longer seek him you are forbidden to see, and whom you must forget. My daughter, it is your duty."

"Oh mother, I thought your heart could better understand what it never felt. I thought you respected the true sentiments of the soul, and that your lips knew not how to utter the word 'forget.' If I forgot, I should be a mere silly child, capricious, unruly, unworthy your tenderness. If my malady is without remedy, I am a steadfast woman, suffering and self-sacrificing. Good God! How is it you do not understand that?"

"I understand," murmured Annunciata, but in so low a tone, that she was sure her daughter could not hear her.

"Mother," resumed Christine, "go to my father! summon up that courage which fails you when you alone are concerned; speak boldly to him, tell him what I have told you; demand my liberty, my happiness."

"I!" exclaimed Annunciata in terror, "I brave M. Van Amberg, and oppose his will!"

"Not oppose, but supplicate! compel his heart to understand what mine experiences; force him to see and hear and feel that my life may cease, but not my love. Who can do it if you cannot? I am a captive. My sisters know not love, my uncle William has never known it. It needs a woman's voice to express a woman's feelings."

"Christine, you know not what you ask. The effort is above my strength."

"I ask a proof of my mother's love; I am sure she will give it me."

"I shall die in so doing. M. Van Amberg can kill me by a word."

Christine started and trembled. "Do not go then, dearest mother. Forgive my egotism; I thought only of myself. If my father has such terrible power, avoid his anger. I will wait, and entreat none but God."

There was a brief pause. "Christine," said Madame Van Amberg, "since I am your only hope, your sole reliance, and you have called me to

your aid, I will speak to him. Our fate is in the hands of heaven."

Annunciata interrupted herself by a cry of terror; a hand rudely grasped her arm; M. Van Amberg, without uttering a word, dragged her to the house door, compelled her to enter, took out the key, and made her pass before him into the parlor. A lamp burned dimly upon the table, its oil nearly exhausted; at times it emitted a bright flash, and then suddenly became nearly extinguished. The corners of the room were in darkness, the doors and windows closed, perfect silence reigned; the only object on which a strong light fell, was the countenance of M. Van Amberg. It was calm, cold, motionless. His great height, the piercing look of his pale gray eyes, the austere regularity of his features, combined to give him the aspect of an implacable judge.

"You would speak with me, madame," said he to Annunciata, "I am here, speak!"

On entering the parlor, Annunciata let herself fall into a chair. Her clothes streamed with water; her hair, heavy with rain, fell upon her shoulders, her extreme paleness gave her the appearance of a corpse rather than of a living creature. Terror obliterated memory even of what had just occurred, her mind was confused, she felt only that she suffered horribly. Her husband's voice and words restored the chain of her ideas; the poor woman thought of her child, made a violent effort, rallied her strength, and rose to her feet.

"Now then," she murmured, "since it must be so!"

M. Van Amberg waited in silence, his arms crossed upon his breast, his eyes fixed upon his wife; he stood like a statue, assisting neither by word nor gesture the poor creature who trembled before him. Annunciata looked long at him before speaking; she hoped that at sight of her tears and sufferings, M. Van Amberg would remember he had loved her. She threw her whole soul into her eyes, but not a muscle of her husband's countenance moved. He waited for her to break silence.

"I need your indulgence," she at last said; "it costs me a fearful effort to address you. In general I do but answer; I am unaccustomed to speak first, and I am afraid. I dread your anger; have compassion on a trembling woman, who would fain be silent, and who must speak. Christine's happiness is in your hands. The poor child implores me to soften your rigor. \* \* \* Did I refuse, not a creature upon earth would intercede for her. This is why I venture to petition you, sir."

M. Van Amberg continued silent. Annunciata wiped the tears from her cheeks, and resumed with more courage.

"The poor child is much to be pitied; she has inherited the faults you blame in me. Believe me, sir, I have labored hard to check them in the bud. I have striven, exhorted, punished, have spared neither advice nor prayers, but all in vain. God has not been pleased to spare me this new grief. Her nature is unchangeable: she is to blame, but she is also much to be pitied. Christine loves with all her soul. Women die of such love as hers, and when they do not die, they suffer frightfully. For pity's sake, sir, let her marry him she loves!"

Annunciata covered her face with her hands, and awaited in an agony of anxiety her husband's reply.

"Your daughter," said M. Van Amberg, "is still a child; she has inherited, as you say, a character that needs restraint. I will not yield to the first caprice that traverses her silly head. Herbert is only two-and-twenty; we know nothing of his

character. Your daughter requires a protector, and a judicious guide. Herbert has neither family, fortune, nor position. He shall never be the husband of a woman who bears the name of Mademoiselle Van Amberg!"

"Sir!" cried Annunciata, clasping her hands and breathless with emotion, "sir! the best guidance for a woman's life is a union with the man she loves! It is her best safeguard; it strengthens her against the cares of the world. I entreat you, Karl!" exclaimed Madame Van Amberg, falling upon her knees, "have compassion on my daughter! Do not render duty a torture: do not exact from her too much courage! We are weak creatures; we have need both of love and virtue. Place her not in the terrible necessity of choosing between them. Pity, Karl, pity!"

"Madame," cried M. Van Amberg, and this time his frame was agitated by a slight nervous trembling, "Madame, you are very bold to speak to me thus! You! you! to dare to hold such language to me! Silence! and teach your daughter not to hesitate in her choice between good and evil. Do that, instead of weeping uselessly at my feet."

"Yes, it is bold of me, sir, thus to address you; but I have found courage in suffering. I am ill—in pain—my life is worthless, save as a sacrifice—let my child take it, I will speak for her! Her fate is in your hands, do not crush her by a cruel decision! An absolute judge and master should be guarded in word and deed, for a reckoning will be asked of him! Be merciful to my child!"

M. Van Amberg approached his wife, took her arm, placed his other hand on her mouth, and said:—

"Silence! I command you; no such scenes in my house, no noise and whimpering. Your daughters sleep within a few yards of you, do not disturb their repose. Your servants are above, do not awaken them. Silence! You had no business to speak; I was wrong to listen to you. Never dare again to discuss my orders; it is I whom your children must obey, I whom you must obey yourself. Retire to your apartment, and to-morrow let me find you what you yesterday were."

M. Van Amberg had regained his usual calmness. He walked slowly from the room.

"Oh, my daughter!" exclaimed Annunciata, despairingly, "nothing have I been able to do for you! Merciful Father! what will become of me, placed between him and her, both inflexible in their resolves!"

The lamp which feebly illuminated this scene of sorrow, now suddenly went out and left the unhappy mother in profound darkness. The rain beat against the windows—the wind howled—the house clock struck four.

Christine had seen M. Van Amberg seize Annunciata's arm, and lead her away with him; afterwards she had distinguished, through the slight partitions of the house, a faint echo as of mingled sobs, entreaties, and reproaches. She understood that her fate was deciding—that her poor mother had devoted herself for her, and was face to face with the stern ruler whose look alone she usually dared not brave. Christine passed the night in terrible anxiety, abandoning herself alternately to discouragement and to joyful hopes. At her age it is not easy to despair. Fear, however, predominated over every other emotion, and she would have given years of existence to learn what had passed. But the day went by like the previous one. She saw none but Gothón. Her she ventured to question, but the old servant had orders not to answer.

Another day elapsed. Christine's solitude was still unbroken, no friendly voice reached her ear, no kind hand lifted the veil shrouding her future. The poor girl was exhausted; she had not even the energy of grief. She wept without complaint, almost without a murmur. Night came, and she fell asleep, exhausted by her sorrow. She had scarcely slept an hour when she was awakened by the opening of the door, and Gothon, lamp in hand, approached her bed. "Get up, mademoiselle," said the servant, "and follow me."

Christine dressed herself as in a dream, and hastily followed Gothon, who conducted her to her mother's room, opened the door, and drew back to let her pass. A sad spectacle met the young girl's eyes. Annunciata, pale and almost inanimate, lay in the agonies of death. Her presentiment had not deceived her; suffering and agitation had snapped the slender strings that bound her to the earth. The light of the lamp fell full upon her features, whose gentle beauty pain was impotent to deface. Resignation and courage were upon her countenance, over which came a gleam of joy when Christine appeared. Wilhelmina and Maria knelt and wept at the foot of their mother's bed. William stood a little apart, holding a prayer-book, but his eyes had left the page to look at Annunciata, and two large tears trembled on their lids. M. Van Amberg, seated beside his wife's pillow, had his face shaded by his hand, so that none could see its expression.

With a piercing cry, Christine rushed to Madame Van Amberg, who received her in her arms. "Mother!" she cried, her cheek against Annunciata's, "it is I who have killed you! For love of me you have exceeded your strength."

"No, my beloved child, no," replied Annunciata, kissing her daughter between each word, "I die of an old and incurable malady. But I die happy, since I once more clasp you in my arms."

"And they did not let me nurse you!" cried Christine, indignantly raising her head; "they concealed your illness! They let me weep for other sorrows than yours, my mother!"

"Dearest child," replied Annunciata gently, "this crisis has been very sudden; two hours ago they knew not my danger, and I wished to fulfil my religious duties before seeing you. I wished to think only of God. Now I can abandon myself to the embraces of my children," and she clasped her weeping daughters to her heart. "Dear children," said she, "God is full of mercy to the dying, and sanctifies a mother's benediction. I bless you, my daughters; remember and pray for me."

The three young girls bowed their heads upon their mother's hand, and replied by tears alone to this solemn farewell.

"My good brother," resumed Annunciata to William, "my good brother, we have long lived together, and to me you have ever been a devoted friend, indulgent and gentle. I thank you, brother!"

William averted his head to conceal his tears, but a deep sob escaped him, and he turned his venerable face towards Annunciata.

"Do not thank me, sister," he said, "I have done little for you. I loved you, that is certain, but I could not enliven your solitude. My sister, you will still live for the happiness of us all."

Annunciata gently shook her head. Her glance sought her husband, as if she would fain have addressed her last words to him. But they expired on her lips. She looked at him timidly, sadly, and then closed her eyes, to check the starting tears.

She grew visibly weaker, and as death approached, a painful anxiety took possession of her. Resigned, she was not calm. It was ordained her soul should suffer and be troubled to the end. The destiny of one of her daughters disturbed her last moments; she dared not pronounce the name of Christine, she dared not ask compassion for her; a thousand conflicting doubts and fears agitated her poor heart. She died as she had lived, repressing her tears, concealing her thoughts. From time to time she turned to her husband, but his head continued sunk upon his hand; not one look of encouragement could she obtain. At last came the spasm that was to break this frail existence. "Adieu! Adieu!" she murmured in unintelligible accents. Her eyes no longer obeyed her, and none could tell whom they sought. William approached his brother, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. "Karl!" he whispered in tones audible but to him he addressed, "she is dying! Have you nothing to say to a poor creature who has so long lived with you and suffered by you? Living, you loved her not; do not let her die thus! Fear you not, Karl, lest this woman, oppressed and slighted by you, should expire with a leaven of resentment in her heart? Crave her pardon before she departs."

For an instant all was silent. M. Van Amberg stirred not. Annunciata, her head thrown back, seemed to have already ceased to exist. On a sudden she moved, raised herself with difficulty, leaned over towards M. Van Amberg, and groped for his hand as though she had been blind. When she found it, she bowed her face upon it, kissed it twice, and expired in that last kiss.

"On your knees!" cried William, "on your knees; she is in heaven! let us implore her intercession!" And all knelt down.

Of all the prayers addressed to God by man during his life of trial, not one is more solemn than that which escapes the desolate heart, when a beloved soul flies from earth to heaven, to stand, for the first time, in the presence of its Creator.

M. Van Amberg rose from his knees.

"Leave the room!" said he to his brother and daughters, "I would be alone with my wife."

Alone, beside the bed of his dead wife, Karl Van Amberg gazed upon the pale countenance, to which death had restored all the beauty of youth. A tear, left there by human suffering, a tear which none other was to follow, glittered upon the clay-cold cheek; one arm still hung out of bed, as when it held his hand; the head was in the position in which it had kissed his fingers. He gazed at her, and the icy envelop that bound his heart was at last broken. "Annunciata!" he exclaimed, "Annunciata!"

For fifteen years that name had not passed his lips. Throwing himself on his wife's corpse, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her forehead.

"Annunciata!" he cried, "can you not feel this kiss of peace and love! Annunciata, we have both suffered terribly! God did not grant us happiness. I loved you from the first day that I saw you, a joyous child in Spain, till this sad moment that I press you dead upon my heart. Oh Annunciata, how great have been our sufferings!"

Karl Van Amberg wept.

"Repose in peace, poor woman!" he murmured, "may you find in heaven the repose denied you upon earth!" And with trembling hand he closed Annunciata's eyes. Then he knelt down beside her.

"Almighty God!" he said, "I have been severe. Be thou merciful!"



When at break of day, M. Van Amberg left the chamber of death, his face had resumed its habitual expression: his inflexible soul, for a moment bowed, had regained its usual level. To Annunciata had been given the last word of love, the last tear of that heart of adamant. To the eyes of all he reappeared as the stern master and father, the man on whose brow no sorrow left a trace. His daughters bowed themselves upon his passage, William spoke not to him, order and regularity returned to the house. Annunciata was buried without pomp or procession. She left, to revisit it no more, the melancholy abode where her suffering soul had worn out its mortal envelop; she ceased to live, as a sound ceases to be heard, as a cloud passes, as a flower fades; nothing stopped or altered because she went. If any mourned her, they mourned in silence; if they thought of her, they proclaimed not their thoughts; her name was no more heard; only the interior of the little red house was rather more silent, and M. Van Amberg's countenance appeared to all more rigid than before. During the day, Christine's profound grief obeyed the iron will that weighed on each member of the family. The poor child was silent, worked, sat at table, lived on as if her heart had not been crushed; but at night, when she was alone in the little room where her mother had so often wept with her, she gave free course to grief; she invoked her mother, spoke to her, extended her arms to her, and would fain have left the earth to be with her in heaven. "Take me to you, dear mother!" she would exclaim. "Deprived of you, apart from him, I cannot live! Since I saw you die, I no longer fear death."

Since the death of Annunciata, Christine was allowed her liberty, M. Van Amberg doubtless thinking, and with reason, that she would make no use of it during her first grief. Or, perhaps, with his wife's corpse scarcely cold, he hesitated to recur to the severity that had caused her so many tears. Whatever his motive, Christine was free, at least to all appearance. The three sisters, in deep mourning, never passed the threshold; they sat all day at work near the low window of the parlor, supped with their uncle and father, then retired to bed. During the long hours of their silent work, Christine often thought of her lover. She dared not attempt to see him; she would have expected to hear her mother's voice murmur in her ear—"My daughter, it is too soon to be happy! Mourn me yet a little, alone and without consolation."

One morning, after a night of tears, Christine fell into a tardy slumber, broken by dreams. Now it was her mother, who took her in her arms, and flew with her towards heaven. "I will not let you live," said Annunciata, "for life is sorrow. I have prayed of God to let you die young, that you may not weep as I have wept!"

The next instant she beheld herself clothed in white, and crowned with flowers. Herbert was there, love sparkling in his eyes. "Come, my betrothed!" he said, "life is joy! My love shall guard you from all evil; come, we will be happy!"

She started up, awakened by a sudden noise in her chamber. The window was open, and on the floor lay a pebble with a letter attached. Her first impulse was to fly to the window; a bush stirred in the direction of the river, but she saw no one. She snatched up the letter, she guessed it was Herbert's writing. It seems as if one never saw for the first time the writing of him one loves; the heart recognizes as if the eyes had already seen it. Christine was alone, a beam of the rising sun tinted the summits of the willows, and hope and love revived

in the young girl's heart, as she read what follows:

"Christine, I can write but a few lines; a long letter, difficult to conceal, might never reach you. Hear me with your heart, and guess what I am unable to write. As you know, dearest, my family intrusted me to your father and gave him all authority over me. He can employ me at his will, and according to the convenience of his commercial establishments. Christine, I have just received orders to embark in one of his ships, sailing for Batavia."

A cry escaped Christine's lips, and her eyes, suffused with tears, devoured the subsequent lines.

"Your father places the immensity of ocean between us; he separates us forever. We are to meet no more: Christine, has your heart, since I last saw you, learned to comprehend those words? No, my adored Christine, we must live or die together! Your poor mother is no more; your presence is no longer essential to the happiness of any one. Your family is pitiless and without affection for you. Your future is gloom and unhappiness. Come, then, let us fly together. In the Helder are numerous ships; they will bear us far from the scene of our sufferings. All is foreseen and arranged. Christine, my life depends on your decision. Forever separated! \* \* subscribe to that barbarous decree, and I terminate an existence which henceforward would be all bitterness! And you, Christine; will you love another, or live without love! Oh! come, I have suffered so much without you! I summon you, I await you, Christine! my bride! At midnight—on the river bank—I will be there! and a world of happiness is before us. Come, dear Christine, come!"

As Christine read, her tears fell fast on Herbert's letter. She experienced a moment of agonizing indecision. She loved passionately, but she was young and innocent, and love had not yet imparted to her pure soul the audacity that braves all things. The wise counsels heard in her father's house, uncle William's pious exhortations, the holy prayers she had learned from her infancy upwards, resounded in her ears; the Christ upon her wooden crucifix seemed to look at her; the beads of her rosary were still warm with the pressure of her fingers. "Oh! my dream! my dream!" she exclaimed: "Herbert who calls his bride! my mother claiming her daughter! With him, life and love! With her, death and heaven! \* \* " And Christine sobbed aloud. For an instant she tried calmly to contemplate an existence in that melancholy house, weeping for Herbert, growing old without him, without love, within those gloomy walls, where no heart sympathized with hers. The picture was too terrible; she felt that such a future was unendurable. She wept bitterly, kissed her rosary, her prayer book, as if bidding adieu to all that had witnessed the innocence of her early years. Then her heart beat violently. The fire of her glance dried her tears. She looked out at the river, at the white sail which seemed to remind her of her vows of love; she gave one last sob, as if breaking irrevocably the links between her past and future. The image of her mother was no longer before her. Christine, abandoned to herself, followed the impulse of her passionate nature; she wept, trembled, hesitated, and at last exclaimed—

"At midnight, I will be there!"

Then she wiped her tears, and remained quite still for a few moments, to calm her violent agitation. A vast future unrolled itself before her; liberty would be hers; a new world was revealed to her eyes; a new life began for her.

At last night came. A lamp replaced the fading day-light. The window was deserted for the table. William and Karl Van Amberg came in. The former took a book; his brother busied himself with commercial calculations. The lamp gave a dull light; all was silent, sad, and monotonous in the apartment. The clock slowly told the succeeding hours. When its hammer struck ten, there was a movement round the table; books were shut, work was folded. Karl Von Amberg rose; his two eldest daughters approached him, and he kissed their foreheads in silence. Christine, no longer a captive, but still in disgrace, bowed herself before her father. Uncle William, grown drowsy over his book, put up his spectacles, muttering a "good-night." The family left the parlor, and the three sisters ascended the wooden staircase. At her chamber door, Christine felt a tightness at her heart. She turned and looked after her sisters. "Good-night, Wilhelmina! good-night, Maria!"

The sisters turned their heads. By the faint light of their tapers Christine saw them smile and kiss their hands to her. Then they entered their rooms without speaking. Christine found herself alone. She opened her window; the night was calm; at intervals clouds flitted across the moon, veiling its brightness. Christine made no preparations for departure; she only took her mother's rosary, and the blue ribbon so long attached to the guitar; then she wrapped herself in her black mantle and sat down by the window. Her heart beat quick, but no distinct thought agitated her mind. She trembled without terror; her eyes were tearful, but she felt no regret. For her, the hour was rather solemn than sad; the struggle was over, and she was irrevocably decided.

At last midnight came; each stroke of the clock thrilled Christine's heart; for an instant she stood still, summoning strength and courage; then, turning towards the interior of the room—

"Adieu, my mother!" she whispered. Many living creatures dwelt under that roof. It seemed to Christine as if she left her only who was no longer there. "Adieu, my mother!" she repeated.

Then she stepped out of the window; a trellis, twined with creepers, covered the wall. With light foot and steady hand, Christine descended, aiding herself by the branches, and pausing when they cracked under her tread or grasp. The stillness was so complete that the slightest sound assumed importance. Christine's heart beat violently; at last she reached the ground, raised her head, and looked at the house. Her father's window was still lighted. Again she shuddered with apprehension; then, feeling more courage for a minute's daring than for half an hour's precautions, she darted across the meadow and arrived breathless at the clump of willows. Before plunging into it, she again looked round. All was quiet and deserted; she breathed more freely and disappeared amongst the branches. Leaning upon the old tree, the witness of her former rendezvous, she whispered, so softly that none but a lover could hear, "Herbert, are you there?"

A cautious oar skimmed the water; a well known voice replied. The boat approached the willow; the young student stood up and held out his arms to Christine, who leaped lightly into the skiff. In an instant, they were out of the willow-shaded inlet; in another, the sail—the signal of their loves—was hoisted to the breeze; the bark sped swiftly over the water, and Herbert, scarce daring to believe his happiness, was seated at Christine's feet. His hand sought hers; he heard

her weep, and he wept for sympathy. Both were silent, agitated, uneasy, and happy.

But the night was fine, the moon shed its softest light, the ripple of the stream had a harmony of its own, the light breeze cooled their cheeks, the sail bent over them like the wing of an invisible being; they were young, they loved, it was impossible that joy should not revive in their hearts.

"Thanks, Christine, thanks!" exclaimed Herbert, "thanks a thousand times for so much devotedness, for such confidence and love! Oh! how beautiful will life now appear! We are united forever!"

"Forever!" repeated Christine, her tears flowing afresh. For the first time she felt that great happiness, like great grief, expresses itself by tears. Her hand in Herbert's, her eyes raised to heaven, she gazed upon bright stars and fleecy clouds, sole and silent witnesses of her happiness. Presently she was roused from this sweet reverie.

"See there, Herbert!" she exclaimed; "the sail droops along the mast, the wind has fallen, we do not advance."

Herbert took the oars, and the boat cut rapidly through the water. Wrapped in her mantle, Christine sat opposite, and smiled upon him. Onwards flew the boat, a track of foam in its wake. Daylight was still distant; all things favored the fugitives. Again Christine broke silence.

"Herbert, dear Herbert, do you hear nothing?"

Herbert ceased to row, and listened. "I hear nothing," he said, "save the splash of the river against its banks." He resumed the oars; again the boat moved rapidly forward. Christine was pale; half risen from her seat, her head turned back, she strove to see, but the darkness was too great.

"Be tranquil, best beloved," said Herbert with a smile. "Fear creates sounds. All is still."

"Herbert," cried Christine, this time starting up in the boat, "I am not mistaken! I hear oars behind us \* \* pause not to listen \* \* row, for Heaven's love, row!"

Her terror was so great, she seemed so sure of what she said, that Herbert obeyed in silence, and a sensation of alarm chilled his heart. Christine seated herself at his feet.

"We are pursued!" she said; "the noise of your own oars alone prevented your hearing. A boat follows us."

"If it be so," Herbert cried, "what matter! That boat does not bear Christine, is not guided by a man who defends his life, his happiness, his love. My arm will weary his, his bark will not overtake mine." And Herbert redoubled his efforts. The veins of his arms swelled to bursting; his forehead was covered with sweat-drops. The skiff clove the waters as though impelled by wings. Christine remained crouched at the young man's feet, pressing herself against him, as to seek refuge.

Other oars, wielded by stalwart arms, now struck the water not far from Herbert's boat. The young student heard the sound; he bent over his oars and made desperate efforts. But he felt his strength failing; as he rowed he looked with agony at Christine; no one spoke, only the noise of the two boats interrupted the silence. Around, all was calm and serene as when the fugitives set out. But the soul of the young girl had passed from life to death; her eyes, gleaming with a wild fire, followed with increased terror each movement of Herbert's; she saw by the suffering expression of his countenance, that little hope of escape remained. Still he rowed with the energy of despair; but the fatal bark drew nearer, its shadow was seen upon

the water, it followed hard in the foamy track of Herbert's boat. Christine stood up and looked back; just then the moon shone out, casting its light full upon the pale, passionless features of M. Van Amberg. Christine uttered a piercing cry.

"My father!" she cried, "Herbert, 'tis my father!"

Herbert also had recognized his pursuer. The youth had lived too long in Karl Van Amberg's house, not to have experienced the strange kind of fascination which that man exercised over all around him. Darkness had passed away to reveal to the fugitives the father, master, and judge!

"Stop, Herbert!" cried Christine, "we are lost; escape is impossible! Do you not see my father?"

"Let me row!" replied Herbert, disengaging himself from Christine, who had seized his arm. He gave so violent a pull with the oars, that the little boat bounded out of the water and seemed to gain a little on its pursuer.

"Herbert," cried Christine, "I tell you we are lost! 'Tis my father, and resistance is useless! God will not work a miracle in our favor! Herbert, I will not return to my father's house! Let us die together, dear Herbert!"

And Christine threw herself into her lover's arms. The oars fell from the young man's hands; with a cry of anguish he pressed Christine convulsively on his heart. For a single instant he thought of obeying her, and of plunging with her into the dark tide beneath; but Herbert had a noble heart, and he repelled the temptation of despair. The next moment a violent shock made the boat quiver, and M. Van Amberg stepped into it. Instinctively, Herbert clasped Christine more tightly, and retreated; as if his strength could withhold her from her father; as if, in that little boat, he could retreat far enough not to be overtaken. With a vigorous arm, M. Van Amberg seized Christine, whose slender form bent like a reed over his shoulder.

"Have mercy on her!" cried the despairing Herbert; "I alone am guilty! Punish her not, and I promise to depart, to renounce her! Pity, sir, pity for Christine!"

He spoke to a deaf and silent statue. Wresting Christine's hand from the student's grasp, M. Van Amberg stepped back into his boat and pushed Herbert's violently with his foot. Yielding to the impulse, the boats separated; one was pulled swiftly up the river, whilst the other, abandoned to itself, was swept by the current in a contrary direction. Erect on the prow of his bark, his head thrown back, his arms folded on his breast, M. Van Amberg fixed a terrible look upon Herbert, and then disappeared in the darkness. All was over. The father had taken his daughter, and no human power could henceforward tear her from his arms.

Within eight days from this fatal night, the gates of a convent closed upon Christine Van Amberg.

On the frontier of Belgium, on the summit of a hill, stands a large white building of irregular architecture, a confused mass of walls, roofs, angles, and platforms. At the foot of the hill is a village, whose inhabitants behold with a feeling of respect the edifice towering above their humble dwellings. For there is seen the belfry of a church, and thence is heard unceasingly the sound of pious bells, proclaiming afar that on the mountain's summit a few devout souls pray to God for all men. The building is a convent; the poor and the sick well know the path leading to the hospitable threshold of the Sisters of the Visitation.

To this convent was Christine sent. To this

austere dwelling, the abode of silence and self-denial, was she, the young, the beautiful, the loving, pitilessly consigned. It was as though a gravestone had suddenly closed over her head. With her, the superior of the convent received the following letter:

"MADAME LA SUPERIEURE—I send you your niece, Christine Van Amberg, and beg you to oblige me by keeping her with you. I intend her to embrace a religious life; employ the influence of your wise counsels to predispose her to it. Her misconduct compels me to exclude her my house; she requires restraint and watching, such as are only to be found in a convent. Be pleased, dear and respected kinswoman, to receive her under your roof; the best wish that can be formed for her is that she may make up her mind to remain there forever. Should she inquire concerning a young man named Herbert, you may inform her that he has sailed to Batavia, whence he will proceed to our most remote establishments.

"I am with respect, *Madame la Supérieure*, your kinsman and friend,

"KARL VAN AMBERG."

Five years had now elapsed since the date of this letter, when one day the convent gate opened to admit a stranger, who craved to speak with the superior. The stranger was an old man; a staff sustained his feeble steps. Whilst waiting in the parlor, he looked about him with surprise and emotion, and several times he passed his hand across his eyes as if to brush away a tear. "Poor, poor child!" he muttered. When the superior appeared behind the grating, he advanced quickly towards her.

"I am William Van Amberg," he said, "the brother of Karl Van Amberg. I come, madame, to fetch Christine, his daughter and my niece."

"You come very late," replied the superior; "sister Martha-Mary is on the eve of pronouncing her vows."

"Martha-Mary!—I do not know the name"—said William Van Amberg; "I seek Christine—my niece Christine."

"Christine Van Amberg, now sister Martha-Mary, is about to take the veil."

"Christine a nun! Oh, impossible! Madame, they have broken the child's heart; from despair only would she take the veil; they have been cruel, they have tortured her; but I bring her liberty and the certainty of happiness—permission to marry him she loves. Let me speak to her, and she will quickly follow."

"Speak to her, then; and let her depart if such be her will."

"Thanks, madame—a thousand thanks! Send me my child, send me my Christine—with joy and impatience I await her."

The superior retired. Left alone, William again contemplated the melancholy abode in which he found himself, and the more he gazed, the sadder his heart became. He would fain have taken Christine in his arms, as he did when she was little, and have fled with her from those chilly walls and dismal gratings.

"Poor child," he repeated, "what a retreat for the bright years of your youth. \* \* \* \* How you must have suffered! But console thyself, dearest child, I am here to rescue thee!"

He remembered Christine as a wild young girl, delighting in liberty, air, and motion; then as an impassioned woman, full of love and independence. And a smile crossed the old man's lips as he thought of her burst of joy, when he should say to her,—



"You are free, and Herbert waits to lead you to the altar!" His heart beat as it had never beaten in the best days of his youth; he counted the minutes and kept his eyes fixed upon the little door through which Christine was to come. He could not fold her in his arms, the grating prevented it, but at least he should see and hear her. Suddenly all his blood rushed to his heart, for the hinges creaked and the door opened. A novice, clothed in white, slowly advanced; he looked at her, started back, hesitated, and exclaimed: "Oh God! is that Christine?"

William had cherished in his heart the memory of a bright-eyed, sunburnt girl, alert and lively, quick and decided in her movements, running more often than she walked, like the graceful roe that loves the mountain steeps. He beheld a tall young woman, white and colorless as the robes that shrouded her; her hair concealed under a thick linen band, her slender form scarcely to be distinguished beneath the heavy folds of her woollen vestments. Her movements were slow, her black eyes veiled by an indescribable languor; a profound calm was the characteristic of her whole being—a calm so great, that it resembled absence of life. One might have thought her eyes looked without seeing, that her lips could not open to speak, that her ears listened without hearing. Sister Martha-Mary was beautiful, but her beauty was not of the earth—it was the beauty of infinite repose—of a calm that nothing could disturb.

The old man was touched to the bottom of his soul; the words expired on his lips, and he extended his hands towards Christine. On beholding her uncle, Martha-Mary endeavored to smile, but moved not, and said nothing.

"Oh my child!" cried William at last, "how you must suffer here!"

Martha-Mary gently shook her head, and the tranquil look she fixed upon her uncle, protested against his supposition.

"Is it possible that five years have thus changed my Christine! My heart recognizes you, my child, not my eyes! They have compelled you to great austerities, severe privations?"

"No."

"A cruel bondage has weighed heavily upon you!"

"No."

"You have been ill then?"

"No."

"Your poor heart has suffered too much, and has broken. You have shed many tears?"

"I remember no longer."

"Christine, Christine, do you live! or has the shade of Annunziata risen from the grave? Oh my child! in seeing you, I seem to see her corpse, extended on the bed of death!"

Martha-Mary raised her large eyes to heaven; she joined her hands, and murmured, "My mother!"

"Christine, speak to me! weep with me! you frighten me by your calm and silence \* \* \* Ah! in my trouble and emotion, I have as yet explained nothing \* \* \* Listen: my brother Karl, by the failure of a partner, suddenly found his whole fortune compromised. To avoid total ruin he was obliged to embark immediately for the colonies. He set sail, expecting to return in a few years; but his affairs prolong his absence, and his return is indefinitely postponed. His two eldest daughters are with him. To me, who am too old to follow him, too old to remain alone, he has given Christine. I would not accept the precious charge my child, without the possibility of rendering you

happy. I implored permission to marry you to Herbert. You are no longer a rich heiress: your father gone, you need protection, and that of an old man cannot long avail you. In short, your father has agreed to all I asked; he sends you, as a farewell gift, your liberty and his consent to your marriage \* \* \* Christine! you are free, and Herbert awaits his bride!"

The long drapery of the novice was slightly agitated, as if the limbs it covered trembled; she remained some seconds without speaking, and then replied, "It is too late! I am the affianced of the Lord!"

William uttered a cry of grief, and looked with alarm at the pale, calm girl who stood immovable before him.

"Christine!" he cried, "you no longer love Herbert?"

"I am the affianced of the Lord!" repeated the novice, her hands crossed upon her breast, her eyes raised to heaven.

"Oh my God! my God!" cried William, weeping bitterly, "my brother has killed his child! Her soul has been sad even unto death! Poor victim of our severity, tell me, Christine, tell me, what has passed within you, since your abode here?"

"I saw others pray, and I prayed also. There was a great stillness, and I was silent; none wept, and I dried my tears; a something, at first cold, then soothing, enveloped my soul. The voice of God made itself heard to me, and I listened! I loved the Lord, and gave myself to him."

Then, as if fatigued with speaking so much, Martha-Mary relapsed into silence, and into that absorbing meditation which rendered her insensible to surrounding things. Just then a bell tolled. The novice started, and her eyes sparkled.

"God calls me!" she said, "I go to pray!"

"Christine! my daughter, will you leave me thus?"

"Hear you not the bell? It is the hour of prayer."

"But, Christine, dearest child, I came to take you hence."

"I shall never leave these walls!" said Martha-Mary, gliding slowly away. As she opened the parlor door, she turned towards William; her eyes fixed upon him with a sad and sweet expression; her lips moved, as if to send him a kiss; then she disappeared. William made no attempt to detain her; his head was pressed against the grating, and big tears chased each other down his cheeks. How long he remained thus plunged in mournful reflection, he noted not. He was roused by the voice of the superior, who seated herself, wrapped in her black robes, on the other side of the grating.

"I foresaw your grief," she said. "Our sister Martha-Mary refuses to follow you."

With a despairing look, William answered the nun.

"Alas! alas!" he said, "the child I so dearly loved met me without joy, and left me without regret."

"Listen, my son," resumed the superior; "listen to me.—Five years ago, there came to this convent a young girl overwhelmed with grief and sunk in terrible despair; her entrance here was to her a descent into the tomb. During one entire year, none saw her but with tears on her face. Only God knows how many tears the eyes must shed, before a broken spirit regains calm and resignation; man cannot count them. This young girl suffered much; in vain we implored pardon for her, in vain we summoned her family to her relief. She

might say, as it is written in the psalm—"I am weary with my groaning: mine eye is consumed because of grief." What could we do, save pray for her, since none would receive her back! "••"

"Alas!" cried William, "your letters never reached us. My brother was beyond sea; and I, having then no hope of changing his determination, I had quitted his empty and melancholy home."

"Man abandoned her," continued the superior, "but God looked upon his servant, and comforted her soul. If he does not see fit to restore strength to her body, exhausted by suffering—His will be done! Perhaps it would now be wise and generous to leave her to that love of God which she has attained after so many tears; perhaps it would be prudent to spare her fresh shocks."

"No! no!" interrupted William, "I cannot give up, even to God, this last relic of my family, the sole prop of my old age. I will try every means to bring back her heart to its early sentiments. Give me Christine for a few days only. Let me conduct her to the place of her birth, to the scenes where she loved. She is deaf to my entreaties, but she will obey an order from you; bid her return for a while beneath her father's roof! Should she still wish it, after this last attempt, I will restore her hither."

"Take her with you, my son," replied the superior, "I will bid her follow. If God has indeed spoken to her soul, no worldly voice will move her. If it be otherwise, may she return no more to the cloister, but be blessed wherever she goes! Adieu, my son; the peace of the Lord be with you!"

Hope revived in the heart of William Van Amberg; it seemed to him as if—the convent threshold once passed—Christine would revert to her former character, her youth and love. He believed he was about to remove his beloved child forever from those gloomy walls, and with painful impatience he awaited her coming. Soon a light step was heard in the corridor; William threw open the door, Christine was there, and no grating now separated her from her uncle.

"My beloved Christine!" exclaimed William, "at last, then, you are restored to me; at last I can press you to my heart! Come, we will return to our own country, and revisit the house where we all dwelt together."

Sister Martha-Mary was still paler than at her first interview with William. If any expression was discernible upon that calm countenance, it was one of sadness. She allowed herself to be taken by the hand and conducted to the convent gate; but when the gate was opened, and, passing into the open air, she encountered the broad daylight and the fresh breeze, she tottered and leaned for support against the wall. Just then the sun rent the clouds, and threw its golden beams on plain and mountain; the air was clear and transparent, and the flat and monotonous horizon acquired beauty from the burst of light.

"See, my daughter," said William, "see how lovely the earth looks! How soft is the air we breathe! How good it is to be free, and to move towards that immense horizon!"

"Oh, my dear uncle!" replied the novice, "how beautiful are the heavens! See how the sun shines above our heads! It is in heaven that his glory should be admired! His rays are already dim and feeble when they touch the earth!"

William led Christine to a carriage; they got in, and the horses set off. Long did the gaze of the novice remain fixed on her convent's walls; when these were hidden from her by the windings of the

road, she closed her eyes and seemed to sleep. During the journey, William endeavored in vain to make her converse; she had forgotten how to express her thoughts. When compelled to reply, fatigue overwhelmed her; her whole existence was concentrated in her soul, and detached entirely from the external world. At intervals, she would say to herself: "How long the morning is! Nothing marks the hours; I have not heard a single bell to-day!"

At last they reached the red house, and the carriage drove into the court, where the grass grew between the stones. Gothon came out to receive them, and Martha-Mary, leaning on her uncle's arm, entered the parlor where the family of Van Amberg had so often assembled. The room was deserted and cold; no books or work gave it the look of habitation; abandoned by its last occupants, it awaited new ones. Christine slowly traversed this well-known apartment, and sat down upon a chair near the window. It was there her mother had sat for twenty years; there had her childhood passed at the knees of Annunciata.

William opened the window, showed her the meadow, the willows, and the river. Christine looked at them in silence, her head resting on her hand, her eyes fixed on the horizon. For a long while William stood beside her, then he placed his hand on her shoulder and pronounced her name. She rose and followed him. They ascended the stairs, traversed the gallery, and William opened a door. "Your mother's room," said he to Christine. The novice entered and stood still in the middle of the chamber; tears flowed from her eyes, she clasped her hands and prayed.

"My daughter," said William, "she ardently desired your happiness."

"She has obtained it," replied the novice.

The old man felt a profound sadness come over him. It was like pressing to his heart a corpse to which his love restored neither breath nor warmth. Martha-Mary approached her mother's bed, knelt down, and kissed the pillow that had supported the dying head of Annunciata.

"Mother," she murmured, "soon we shall meet again."

William shuddered. He took Christine's hand, and led her to the room she had formerly occupied. The little white-curtained bed was still there, the guitar hung against the wall, Christine's favorite volumes filled the shelves of her modest book-case; through the open window were seen the willows and the river. Martha-Mary noticed none of these things; the wooden crucifix was still upon the wall; she rapidly approached it, knelt, and bowed her head upon the feet of Christ, closed her eyes and breathed deeply, like one finding repose after long fatigue. Like the exile returning to his native land, like the storm-tossed mariner regaining the port, she remained with brow resting upon her Saviour's feet.

Standing by her side, William looked on in tearful silence. Further off, Gothon wiped her eyes with her apron. Several hours elapsed. The house-clock struck, the birds sang in the garden; the winds rustled among the trees; in the lofty pigeon-house the doves cooed; the cock crowed in the poultry-yard. None of these loved and familiar sounds could divert Martha-Mary from her devout meditation. Sick at heart, her uncle descended to the parlor. He remained there long, plunged in gloomy reflections. Suddenly hasty steps were heard; a young man rushed into the room and into William's arms.

"Christine! Christine!" cried Herbert; "where is Christine? Is it not a dream? M. Van Amberg

gives me Christine! \* \* \* Once more in my native land, and Christine mine."

"Karl Van Amberg gives, but God refuses her to you," replied William, mournfully. Then he told Herbert what had passed at the convent, and since their arrival at the house; he gave a thousand details—he repeated them a thousand times, but without convincing Herbert of the melancholy truth.

"It is impossible," cried the young man; "if Christine is alive, if Christine is here, to the first word uttered by her lover, Christine will reply."

"God grant it," exclaimed William, "my last hope is in you."

Herbert sprang up the stairs, his heart too full of love to have room for fear. Christine free, was for him Christine ready to become his wife. He hastily opened her chamber door; but then he paused, as if petrified, upon the threshold. The day was closing in, and its fading light fell upon Martha-Mary, whose form stood out like a white shadow from the gloom of the room. She was still on her knees, her head resting on the feet of Christ, her fragile person lost in the multiplied folds of her conventual robes. She heard not the opening of the door, and Herbert stood gazing at her, till a flood of tears burst from his eyes. William took his hand and silently pressed it.

"I am frightened," said Herbert, in a low tone. "That is not my Christine. A phantom risen from the earth, or an angel descended from heaven, has taken her place."

"No, she is no longer Christine," replied William, sadly.

For a few moments more Herbert stood in mournful contemplation. Then he exclaimed—"Christine, dear Christine!"

At the sound of his voice the novice started, rose to her feet, and pronounced his name. As in former days, when her lover called "Christine," Martha-Mary had replied, "Herbert."

The young man's heart beat violently; he stood beside the novice, he took her hands. "It is I, it is Herbert," he said, kneeling down before her.

The novice fixed her large black eyes upon him with an inquiring gaze; a slight flush passed across her brow; then she became pale as before, and said gently to Herbert—"I thought not to see you again upon earth."

"Dear Christine, tears and suffering have long been our portion; but happy days at last dawn upon us. My love, my bride; we will never part again!"

Martha-Mary extricated her hands from those of Herbert, and retreated towards the image of Christ.

"I am the bride of the Lord," she said, in trembling accents. "He expects me."

Herbert uttered a cry of grief.

"Christine! dear Christine! remember our oft-repeated pledges, our loves, our tears, our hopes. You left me vowing to love me always, Christine, if you would not have me die of despair, remember the past."

Martha-Mary's eyes continued riveted on the crucifix; her hands, convulsively clasped, were extended towards it.

"Gracious Lord!" she prayed, "speak to his heart as you have spoken to mine! It is a noble heart, worthy to love you. Stronger than I, Herbert may survive, even after much weeping! Console him, oh Lord!"

"Christine! my first and only love! sole hope and joy of my life! do you thus abandon me? That heart, once entirely mine, is it closed to me forever!"

Her gaze upon the crucifix, her hands still joined, the novice, as if able to speak only to her God, gently replied:—"Lord! he suffers as I suffered! shed upon him the balm wherewith you healed my wounds! Leaving him life, take his soul as you have taken mine. Give him that ineffable peace which descends upon those thou lovest!"

"Oh Christine! my beloved!" cried Herbert, once more taking her hand, "do but look at me! turn your eyes upon me and behold my tears! Dearest treasure of my heart! you seem to slumber! Awake! Have you forgotten our tender meetings? the willows bending over the stream, the boat in which we sailed a whole night, dreaming the joy of eternal union? See! the moon rises as it rose that night. We were near each other as now; but then they tore us asunder, and now we are free to be together! Christine, have you ceased to love! Is all forgotten?"

William took her other hand. "Dear child," he said, "we entreat you not to leave us! To you we look for happiness; remain with us, Christine."

One hand in the hands of Herbert, the other in those of William, the novice slowly and solemnly replied:

"The corpse that reposes in the tomb does not lift the stone to reënter the world. The soul that has seen heaven, does not leave it to return to earth. The creature to whom God has said, 'Be thou the spouse of Christ,' does not quit Christ to unite herself to a man; and she who is about to die should turn her attention from mortal things!"

"Herbert!" cried William, "be silent! Not another word! I can scarcely feel the throbbing of her pulse! She is paler even than when I first saw her behind the convent grating. We give her pain. Enough, Herbert, enough! Better yield her to God upon earth, than send her to him in heaven!"

The old man placed the almost inanimate head of Martha-Mary upon his shoulder, and pressed her to his heart as a mother embraces her child. "Recover yourself, my daughter," he said; "I will restore you to the house of God."

Martha-Mary turned her sad and gentle gaze upon her uncle, and her hand feebly pressed his. Then addressing herself to Herbert:

"You, Herbert," she said, in a scarcely audible voice, "you, who will live, do not abandon him!"

"Christine!" cried Herbert, on his knees before his betrothed. "Christine! do we part forever?"

The novice raised her eyes to heaven.

"Not forever!" she replied.

Some days afterwards the convent gates opened to receive sister Martha-Mary. They closed upon her for the last time. With feeble and unsteady step the novice traversed the cloisters to prostrate herself on the altar-steps. The superior came to her.

"Oh my mother!" exclaimed Christine, the fountain of whose tears was opened, and who wept as in the days of her childhood, "I have seen him and left him! To thee I return, oh Lord! faithful to my vows, I await the crown that shall consecrate me thy spouse. Thy voice alone shall henceforward reach my ears; I come to sing thy praises, to pray and serve thee until the end of my life!—Holy mother, prepare the robe of serge, the white crown, the silver cross; I am ready!"

"My daughter," replied the superior, "you are very ill, much exhausted by so many shocks; will you not delay the ceremony of profession?"

"No, holy mother! no; delay it not! I would die the bride of the Lord! \* \* \* And I have little time!" replied sister Martha-Mary.



## THE LAST RESORT FOR IRELAND.

It is surely impossible that Irish affairs can go on as they have done—the English people will not bear it. They are beginning to understand Irishism better. So long as Ireland was really oppressed, the “wrongs of Ireland” were always translated to be the crimes of English officials; but now the English are beginning to understand with painful distinctness how much was contributed to “the wrongs of Ireland” by her own children. Do not let us be told of exceptions to the general conduct: such there are, no doubt, and large exceptions; but the bad spirit belongs to the widest districts, to the most multitudinous classes, to the most active. The good exceptions are too weak, too passive, perhaps, to act on what is properly the national character. Rebellion was a crime easily excused by “oppression,” but rebellion was far from being the worst crime committed by Irishmen; nor is their propensity to murder their worst—nor their conspiracy—nor their repudiation of contracts to pay rent and other social obligations: their most heinous and deplorable treason is their treachery to truth, and the worst shape of that delinquency is the systematic falsehood which is employed by “Irish patriots” to flatter the weaknesses and bad passions of their countrymen. These are strong terms, and we pause while we use them; but they are the only terms equal to express the fact. The grossest “wrongs of Ireland” are those inflicted by educated Irishmen, who teach their countrymen to look for subsistence to other things than industry—who call the enforcement of rent “extermination”—who extenuate murder by a quibbling set-off which calls the landlords “murderers”—who are coming from those that will not work to importune hard-working England for money. Yes, parliament reassembles, and a reinforcement of these patriots stands open-mouthed to burst upon the British Commons with the old nauseous mixture of vituperation, falsehood, and mendicant importunity.

But that infliction is not the worst that England will have to endure. There are false facts as well as false words. We know in England that the destitution of our professional beggars is not always feigned—such is not the sole form of beggary; but misery is often voluntarily incurred: the beggar prefers the passive endurance of privation to an industrious struggle for his bread. What distinguishes the lowest class in the scale of English society is a national characteristic in Ireland. How shameful a reproach!—and yet the indignation felt in England is less provoked by the knowledge of having been imposed upon, than by despair at finding that the Irish will not be helped. They cry out that they want “capital:” but after all it is a mere pretext. Capital is but “accumulated labor;” and if the Irish want it, the reason is that there has been no labor accumulated. The Irish preferred to live miserably on the potato because it required the minimum of labor; they prefer now to live miserably on alms from England; they neglect the fish at their very

shores, to eat the bread of charity; they strive to wring a pauper-squatter's subsistence out of the soil, by deterring landlords from collecting their rents or changing their tenants; and if their destitution is not in all cases and in all parts voluntary, the generally low condition which subjects them to the chances of that condition has been the choice of the ignorant Irish, abetted, if not applauded, by those educated Irish who set up for patriots, and are now coming as sturdy beggars to the British parliament. But England has learned to know their case, and their reception will be different from what it has been. Mr. Roebuck is out of the house, but they will find his spirit there.

How will ministers venture to grant money? Already influential writers have been recommending, in so many words, that the Irish should be left to starvation if nothing else will teach them. And although Mr. Trevelyan and General Burgoyne, too close to the misery of the wretched people and over-imbued with a natural feeling of compassion, have by anticipation indorsed the begging applications, yet Lord Clarendon has been addressing the Irish themselves in quite an opposite sense. From Lord Clarendon to Mr. Campbell Foster, such objectors speak with a knowledge of the feeling in England, and of the necessity. The Irish, flattered in their suicidal weaknesses, have made their own case impracticable, and have exhausted the patience of England.

For it is not a mere dislike to give money that will confront the representative beggars: England is not close-fisted, and enough could be found for proper uses. It is that in Ireland the money does no good. It excites no gratitude; but as soon as the Irish have received it, they turn round upon us and say that we have only injured them—that we misapply the alms—that it was their own already—nay, they will even say that it has not reached them! “Thank you for nothing” is the Irish thanks for ten millions. Well, even that might be got over; but the money really does seem to work mischief. It makes the Irish worse beggars—it is a premium to them to be more destitute, more helpless, until the very heaping up of aid seems to extinguish hope. The demand for money will be hateful, not only for its begging importunity, but for its thrusting these convictions irresistibly on the English mind.

A change of policy towards Ireland, therefore, is unavoidable. Last week we indicated the nature of the only innovation that is practicable—a thorough enforcement of every law. We see that the idea has taken root elsewhere, and probably it will reappear in the substantial form of ministerial measures. We believe that for any ministry which does not wish to become the object of odium and contempt in England, there is but one alternative to that policy of thorough enforcement: the union must be thoroughly carried out—all must be done for Ireland that would be done for a part of England, and no less exacted from Ireland—or Ireland must cease to be a part of the same kingdom: there must be an *English measure of Relief*.

That repeal, too, must be thoroughly carried out. If Ireland cannot continue to form part of the United Kingdom, the United Kingdom must be quite freed from the embarrassing connection. The repeal of the union must be absolute, complete, and accompanied by due precautions—by an alien act, protecting the English laborer from the competition of the hostile Celt, whose standard of remuneration ranks just above starving, though his indifferent industry and squalid habits make him anything but cheap at the money; and the whole Western coast of Great Britain must be fortified against Celtic inroad. The ministers of England must either manage Ireland as England is managed, with equal laws and equal responsibility of the subject; or England must be relieved of the connection.

With all her improvidence, what dark, despairing dismay would strike on the soul of Ireland at such a course! Imagine the return of the Irish laborers, in sudden multitudes regurgitated on the shores—not coming back with the wages of an English harvest, but dismissed, forever dismissed from England, her employment, and her comforts. Call upon the busy and clever "leaders" of the people—the O'Connells and the O'Briens, the Reynoldses and the Meaghers, to say how they would provide for all those multitudes added to their own. Would they give them employment?—How? What industrious work is it that repealers, "Young" or "Old," provide for their countrymen? Would they give them money?—Whence? There would be no English millions to snatch without thanks. Would they emigrate?—In what ships? Would they give food? What food? They have not been teaching their countrymen to grow enough for themselves; and till now the shortcoming has been made good with English money to buy maize. True, they might seize the corn and stock of the landlords and better farmers. That would be the sole resource: it is the natural one—the Irishman's gun: there would be a *jacquerie*. "Tenant-right" would on the moment swell to confiscation. Landlords would here and there try to save their estates, and their lives, as they tried in France, by falling prostrate before the mob—but vainly. All would be eaten up. One mad, burning, bloody holyday, would consume all; and then the nation would awake, cold and hungry, and ask its leaders for bread.

But meanwhile, how would "the Black North" behave? Would it look on in timid ease with its Saxon blood unstirred? Would it share the wild joys or wilder despairs of the real Irish? No; the north would stand to its arms, defensively. The dispossessed landlords would rally round it: supplies would be obtained from England; there would be civil war between Irish Catholic anarchy and Protestant order; Ulster and the landlords would reconquer Ireland; and Ireland, thus self-pacified, would petition to come back to her old allegiance.

Does any one see another outlet? And will the loyal in Ireland not think it best and safest for themselves to render such a process superfluous, by energetically aiding "the government" to en-

force allegiance to the laws!—*Spectator*, 20 November.

"EXTERMINATION" AND "VENGEANCE."

"EXTERMINATION" is the offence alleged by Irish incendiaries, lay and clerical, against the landlords: we have this week full explanations of conduct in two instances to which this term had been applied, and they throw much light on the Irish meaning of the word. Mr. Ussher was denounced from the altar as an "exterminator," has been a target for the aim of the assassin, and is now again denounced: it appears, however, that the exterminator is what in England we should call an improving landlord. So it was with Major Mahon. The case of Mr. Ormsby Gore is very instructive. The Irish papers, alluding to his estate of Leganommer, had a terrific story of "extermination in Leitrem," full of direct falsehoods. Setting aside smaller matters, it appears that the tenants on the estate owed rent for several years, in some instances for as many as twelve or fourteen; one year's rent was demanded, under pain of a twelve-month's notice to quit: not a shilling of rent was offered, and the notice was enforced; but the enforcement was accompanied with a declaration that those who could not retain their holdings would be aided by their landlord to emigrate to America. Such is the conduct which the Irish incendiaries name "extermination." It is well, in the approaching debates, that the Irish meaning of that word should be understood.

"Give a dog an ill name, and hang him," is rendered into the Irish dialect, "Call a good landlord an exterminator, and shoot him." Major Mahon, Mr. Ussher, and other landlords who go far beyond their English brethren in their sense of Mr. Drummond's dictum that "property has its duties as well as its rights," are shot, not only because they exact their rights, but because they fulfil their duties. In the Irish vocabulary this assassination is called "vengeance;" and it is an act which is praised, all but directly, by that "advocate of peace," the "venerable Archdeacon Laffan." The archdeacon's notions as to what is manly and courageous further illustrate the difference between the English and Irish use of terms; a difference which it is most desirable to keep in view—

"The Saxon scoundrel," says the venerable pastor, "with his bellyful of Irish meat, could very well afford to call his poor, honest, starving fellow-countrymen, 'savages' and assassins;" but if in the victualling department John Bull suffered one fifth of the privations to which the Tipperary men were subject, if he had courage enough, he would stand upon one side, and shoot the first man he would meet with a decent coat upon his back. But the Saxon had not courage to do anything like a man; he growls out like a hungry tiger."

Such is the view of courage, manliness, justice, and providence, inculcated by a dignitary of the Irish church. The man who is in want, and who

does not "stand upon one side and shoot the first man he would meet with a good coat on his back," has not "the courage to do anything like a man"—to speak out, and not to shoot from behind a hedge, is tiger-like! It is impossible to imagine a more striking departure from the English use of these epithets.

It is to be observed that the Irish notion of vengeance is quite peculiar. It is not as in Corsica—the land of the typical "vendetta"—revenge for a personal injury sustained by the avenger but it is revenge because the avenger has failed to inflict an injury. In Corsica, the "vendetta" is dictated by a barbarous spirit of chivalry, and is kept within set bounds by a rude sense of honor; but the Irish vengeance knows no such limits, because it is determined by the extent to which the avenger may be disappointed in inflicting injury. The more rent a dishonest tenant has withheld from his landlord, the bitterer the vengeance. Corsica has usually been accounted almost at the bottom of the European scale of civilization; but Ireland, we see, is far lower.—*Spectator*, 20th Nov.

#### THE RE-CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

THE ministerial measures for the pacification of Ireland may be decreed in Westminster, but it is on the other side of St. George's Channel that they will be tested. It is not any particular "bill"—whether it be an arms bill or a coercion bill—but the degree to which the law is enforced, that is the cardinal question. Possibly the common law might suffice if it were thoroughly worked; perhaps more power expressly declared by statute may be convenient; but we await a sight of the ministerial bills with far less anxiety than we watch for ministerial action. There have been bills enough already, and to spare. A ruling will is the thing wanted now. Cromwell is ever in the mouths of the Irish; he misused his will, but he had it, and to this day the Irish retain the impress of it; Cromwell is their bugbear; yet they invoke a will like his, for their own purposes, as Mr. Henry Grattan did on Tuesday. It is "civil war" in Ireland—so says Lord Stanley, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Brougham; Mr. John O'Connell describes a war of landlords on the tenantry; Lord Roden and Mr. Stafford, a war of tenantry on the landlords; in name or in spirit, all agree that it is civil war; and there is need of a strength adequate to cope with civil war.

Some say, indeed, that crime is strictly "local"—that it is limited to "five" or "six" counties. We have a difficulty in understanding what is meant by this limitation, since we find recorded in our own columns, within this instant November, or in the Irish papers of the week, acts of outrage indicating a lawless spirit in nearly twenty counties—Carlow, Limerick, Roscommon, Galway, Tipperary, Longford, Kilkenny, Clare, Fermanagh, Down, King's County, Queen's County, Sligo, Tyrone, Louth, Antrim, and some others. We say Antrim, because the three days' turbu-

lence incited by the "Irish Confederation" in Belfast exhibits as dangerous a proneness to defy the law as more sanguinary outrages have done.

We have no desire, however, to put harsh constructions on the state in which Irishmen suffer their country to remain; though the simple fact that they do so is difficult to comprehend. Lord Stanley, an Irish proprietor, and a statesman not altogether ignorant of the country, broadly asserts that "in Ireland it is safer to violate than to obey the law;" undoubtedly the general belief in England is the same; and if it is true that there is a large majority of the Irish people among whom the law is revered, their apathy in permitting a worthless minority to bring upon the whole nation an unfounded calumny of the most disgraceful kind, is as monstrous a fact as any in Ireland. But if the assertion is true, assuredly the Irish people will at once exonerate themselves from the reproach. Why they have not done so hitherto, is past comprehension. It cannot be sheer cowardice; because, whatever appearances may be in Ireland, we remember the gallantry of Irish soldiers in our army. It cannot be that the whole nation is overawed; because the lawless, as we now learn, are so paltry a fraction. It cannot be that the majority sympathize with the lawless. We remember a story, indeed, of a consultation in Dublin, between the executive and the judges, as to the best mode of putting down some former disturbances, which would seem to bear on the present state of affairs. An English lord chancellor suggested that the usual proceeding was to call out the *posse comitatus*; on which an Irish chief baron wittily said that the *posse comitatus* was the very thing that it was desirable to keep at home if the country was to be pacified; but we now learn that that libellous dignity was sacrificing his country to his joke. Marvellous and incredible as it may seem to downright English understanding, Ireland is disposed to order, revere the law, and is quite willing to control herself; so say all the Irish members, and some of our ministers seem to sanction the assurance.

We will not venture to contradict it. Perhaps the measures successfully taken by Mr. Grace, representative and resident of the disturbed county of Roscommon, in arming his tenantry as a kind of defensive militia, is the practical beginning in the new social polity of Ireland. His effort deserves the attention of the executive. We make no great account of the facts that Mr. Grace is of an old feudal family; that he is a constitutional whig, and not a repealer. We only say that if a like spirit of order and energy is general, it will at once show itself, not only in parliamentary speeches and assurances, but in acts—in honest verdicts to vindicate the law; in a manly promptitude to aid the victim against the assassin: in a zeal to support constituted authority, before any other questions of legislation and improvement are attended to. A time of "civil war" is not the best time for bucolic speculations. If Irishmen are bent on restoring order, they will set about it without delay



and new statutes of "coercion" will be superfluous.

Should it happen that these assurances are all a mistake—that the peaceable Irish majority have not the zeal, the courage, or the energy, to enforce law in their own land—their very love of order will prevent them from being either surprised or grieved at any measure for effecting their wish—even to the appointment of a dictator.

But at all events, and at all cost, the law must be maintained somehow. Ireland is a province of the British empire; and if the Irish themselves cannot maintain respect for the law, it must be done by the imperial forces. The safety and dignity of the empire demand no less. To speak it out, there is a very general feeling, among all classes in England, whether liberal or conservative, that the turbulent Irish have too long been suffered to trifle with the law; that the British government and empire are disgraced by tolerating so base and bloodthirsty a levity; and that if the ordinary machinery of the country will not suffice to insure a better behavior, the government must not hesitate to use the last resort—MARTIAL LAW in the districts that require it, on the summary proclamation of the lord-lieutenant.—*Spectator*, 27 Nov.

THE fifth annual soirée of the Manchester Athenæum was celebrated in the Free Trade hall on the 18 Nov., with undiminished éclat. The chairman was Mr. Alison, the historian of Europe. Among the gentlemen on the platform, were Mr. Cobden, Lord Brackley, Mr. Bright, Dr. Bowring, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson the American essayist, Mr. George Cruikshank the artist, and Mr. George Wilson.

Mr. Alison made an agreeable speech; modestly founding his claim to take part in the proceedings of the Athenæum, not on his being a literary man, but on his being a man of laborious life who has employed his leisure in literature.

Mr. Cobden signalized his first public appearance since his return to England by a speech full of suggestive matter. A considerable part of it was devoted to the immediate subject of the Athenæum and its uses in a town like Manchester. He then glanced at his travels, which ranged from Cadiz to Nishni Novgorod. He took the first public opportunity of expressing his thanks as an Englishman for the cordial welcome he had received in every country that he had visited. It was something rare in the annals of the world, that a foreigner should travel into almost every country of the continent, and should in each find men prepared publicly to sympathize with principles with which he happened to be identified in his own country; these principles being applicable, as they at home had thought, only to the domestic concerns of their own people. The whole world, however, he hoped and believed, was approaching the time when it would be discovered that the interests of all are identical. At the two extremes of his peregrinations, he had found the Oriental type predominate; in Andalusia

he found the remains of the Moor; in Moscow, of the Tartar. And, indeed, the reflection had continually been forced upon him, that man is everywhere so much alike, in his moral attributes, his sympathies and antipathies, as to make it wonderful that this one human family should so long have been enemies. As in a little comedy which he had seen at Paris, *Faute de s'entendre*, all the hardships seem to rest upon mistakes; and it is discovered at last that every one may be happy if he only knows what the rest are about. Mr. Cobden made a special allusion to Italy. He had come to the conclusion, from all he had witnessed, that the regeneration arose from the quiet progress of thought and intelligence dependent upon the better education of the people. He had found that in that country great efforts had been recently made for the education of the masses: to his astonishment he had discovered, that in almost every town of fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, there were established several infant schools, supported by voluntary contributions and superintended by Italian nobles. He had even at Turin fallen in with a school where a marquis attended daily as director, joining the children in their play and riding with them on a rocking-horse. (*Laughter.*) There were now in Italy, as there had always been, leading minds, great and striking individualities, in all directions—men who had been engaged in discussing every question of social importance; in every town of Italy men were to be met with who took a deep interest, not only in schools; but in prison discipline, and all other questions affecting the moral condition of the people. He had been especially amazed at the number of practical people who sympathized with their efforts and controversies in England on the subject of political economy. Every lawyer, every counsellor in Italy, now studied that science as a part of his professional education: and hence arose the deep interest there taken on that subject in which they had so long and so arduously engaged in England. To this quiet, slow, and gradual influence of the few on the many, and not to popular commotions and angry outbreaks, was the existing hopeful condition of Italy attributable. If the Italians were only permitted, unmolested, to work out their own regeneration, he doubted not that that same race from which civilization had twice before proceeded to the rest of Europe, would again effect their redemption. (*Loud cheers.*)

THE *Spectator* says, "The colonial office has chosen to set aside the facts; it has chosen to pretend that negro emancipation, which was neither so prepared nor so framed as to succeed, has been quite successful; it has chosen to affect a belief that the colonists, who have been brought to ruin, have not been injured; it has chosen to speak, and act, as if the attempts to repress the slave-trade had some sort of success. It has therefore deprived its distant agents of the only infallible guides, abstract truth and the facts of the case. There is nothing more silly in Sir Charles Grey's speech than the transparent hypocrisy with which treaties against the slave-trade are made and spoken of, or than the solemn pretence with which squadrons are fitted out to blockade Africa."

# CONTENTS OF No. 192.

1. Ralph Waldo Emerson, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	97
2. The Watcher, . . . . .	<i>Dublin University Magazine,</i> . . . . .	108
3. An Unpublished French Novel, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	122
4. The Last Resort for Ireland, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	140
5. Extermination and Vengeance, . . . . .	" . . . . .	141
6. Re-conquest of Ireland, . . . . .	" . . . . .	142

SCRAPS.—Foreign Miscellany, 107 and 143.

**PROSPECTUS.**—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazine*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.